



SATURDAY NIGHT

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HURRAH FOR OURSELVES!

TODAY "Saturday Night" starts on its seventeenth year of uninterrupted prosperity. We are not given to talk about ourselves; the paper does its own talking fifty-two times per year. Several people must think well of it, for its circulation and advertising patronage have steadily increased and new machinery will have to be installed as soon as possible to improve as well as increase the weekly output. Last week, and this week as well, several columns of advertisements have been forced out; next week, for the first time, "Saturday Night" will have twenty pages, and our advertisers are requested to send in their "copy" early. We are doing very well, thank you, and are much obliged.

Things in General

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, alias Elijah Third, alias the Healer, seems to have got himself into a financial hole by building up the City of Zion near Chicago, on tick. From all over the English-speaking part of this continent he made converts, whom he gathered together and called his "restoration host." Men and women sold all they had and followed him. Husbands left their wives, and wives left their husbands to lay their possessions at his feet and bask in the light of his countenance. It is said about \$20,000,000 was expended on the City of Zion, which had about 10,000 inhabitants and a number of industrial enterprises which failed to pay. They made lace, candy, etc., but the more they potted with these weak and beggarly elements of the world the worse off they became financially, and the whole business has culminated in the federal courts putting in a receiver, which means that everything that Dowie controls will be sold to satisfy mortgages held by the ungodly, unless the pious of the Dowieite pattern come to the rescue. Dowie is making desperate appeals to his followers for money, not only in Zion, but elsewhere; indeed, he is commanding his converts to "cough up" all they have. In one appeal he cries out, "A lot of you people have cash in your pockets. Dig down and get it out. It is God's and we need it in His work. You are cowards if you do not give it up. Deposit it." But Dowie the "inspired," with all his nerve and his bad tongue, seems to be failing to frighten his fanatics to any great extent. The majority of those in Zion have given everything they have, and the few who had deposits in the Zion bank are pulling out their money and hastening elsewhere. It seems odd that any sane man or woman would listen to such a rant as this alleged "jah," much less give up their hard earned savings. The fact that he cannot call on the ravens to bring him financial food has probably demonstrated even to the dull that he is a fraud.

Perhaps there is nothing that so quickly unmasks these modern prophets and divests the people of any belief in their supernatural powers as bankruptcy. When a man claims to be directly sent of God he should keep out of financial entanglements, for there is nothing liable to make him so ridiculous while claiming to work all kinds of miracles, as to have a bailiff in his house or a receiver in his sacred city. It is not recorded that any prophet, either ancient or modern, has been sent money from heaven to pay his expenses, and it is not hinted in revealed truth that any of the real prophets ever dared ask for such a thing, for money bears the stamp of worldly power and the gathering together of large quantities of coin is by no means a religious pursuit.

THE idea of having a Canadian Doctrine to match the Monroe doctrine of our Yankee neighbors is gaining ground all over the Dominion. The Ottawa Board of Trade on Tuesday night put themselves on record to the effect "that the acquisition by the United States of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon and the French rights on the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be detrimental to the interests of Canada and would undoubtedly lead to friction between the Dominion and the U. S. Republic." It has already been said in different quarters that any attempt of the United States in this direction should be held by the British Empire to be "an unfriendly act" on the part of the United States. This is the right sort of spirit. Let our motto be, What we have we'll hold, from our southern boundary to where the Arctic snows drift up against the North Pole. Someone good at grandiloquent and sonorous verse should write a "pome" setting forth our claims to this northern part of the earth in the same reverberating tones so much in national use amongst our Yankee neighbors. This is not intended for what the late Alexander Mackenzie used to call "wut;" by saying things large enough, loud enough, and often enough, they become accepted as historical truths. This, indeed, was the way the Monroe doctrine was established.

MAKING love to widows appears to have been followed as a profession by Albert H. Whitesell, an elderly man who is in police custody here awaiting trial on charges of defrauding widows of their cash on promise of marriage. Some of his letters have already been published, "to his dear colonial girl," who appears to have mortgaged her house to help Albert, who claims to be an "apothecary," fix up his drug store somewhere in a country town. After his arrest letters began to come to the prosecuting attorney, indicating that there were other dames to whom love had been made and whose finances had been touched by this same gay old boy, and it was asserted that by the time Whitesell came to trial there would be over a score of cases against him. Detective Forrest thought he would take a look through the belongings of the amorous Albert, and went out to Georgetown, where Whitesell made his headquarters with an aged mother. One can hardly believe the newspaper report that the detective found twenty-two photographs of victims or prospective victims of his scheming, and "between four and five thousand (probably hundreds instead of thousands) letters from unfortunate women who had become interested in his proposition." Either the somewhat antique Albert is a mighty smooth lover-maker or such a shrewd judge of human nature as to be able to pick out soft subjects at a glance. One can hardly believe that even the majority of widows of a fairly well-to-do class are so eager to find a husband as to listen to the flattering phrases of a sloppy skeezicks who is old enough to be out of the love-making business. It would be an unpleasant thought to a man, who if he died would leave a widow, that he would be so soon forgotten and his name so lightly prized that almost any wandering and gushing old spooner could sit and hold the dear hand that he had let go of forever. Of course it is natural enough for women without any imagination or continuity of purpose to prefer a somewhat ancient protector to none, even if the memory of an affectionate husband has to be banished from her conversation if not from her heart. Perhaps amongst the many widows who listened to this old man's taffy—according to the letters the spinsters refused to take the bait—the majority had to supplement the little property which had been left them by keeping boarders or doing work for other people which was none too much to their taste, and thought by effecting a partnership with him that they would better their lot and perhaps better the prospects of their children. It seems to me much fairer to the women who have got themselves into a rather ridiculous position—some of whom, it is said, are beseeching the police to keep their names out of court—to ascribe their folly to the best possible motives, yet we cannot think much of the good sense or good taste of Whitesell's dupes, no matter how we may endeavor to magnify their good intentions. I have often thought it was nothing but a mean suspicion which induced so many men to leave the whole or a portion of their property to their widows to be enjoyed by them only during the period of their widowhood. The wholesome business which Whitesell was able to work up in borrowing money on the strength of amatory promises, slightly shakes one's confidence in the business ability of widows and one's belief in the tenacity with which it was generally supposed they held the memory of the husband of their bosom and the father of their

children. No one nowadays seems inclined to grumble because a widow declines to spend that portion of her life which is naturally more or less lonely, without a protector and breadwinner, if, of course, she re-enters wedlock with someone she has long known and whose character and kindness are undoubted. Indeed, life is reckoned too short for either man or woman to spend probably the greater portion of it in the unsatisfying and unhappy task of keeping alive a memory which perhaps clothes the dead with virtues they did not possess. Second marriages are perhaps more the rule than the exception. Happy second marriages, it is said, are more the exception than the rule. It is quite conceivable that such is the case, for the romance of love is seldom a renewable quantity, and those who marry in middle age are apt to be too set in their ways to accommodate themselves to the ways of another of perhaps equally settled opinions. This man Whitesell's career should be what appears to be a much needed warning to confiding women to hang on to their cash until they get the marriage certificate, and even during and after the warned-over honeymoon to still keep their fingers glued to what little money they have. No man with a particle of self-respect would try to borrow money from one to whom he makes love, and indeed would not dare to make the attempt unless fortified by long experience that women are easily swindled. No doubt a woman who thoroughly understands masculine weaknesses could go about with still greater success making fools of men, and if we were to sit down and scrutinize ourselves we would all of us probably come to the conclusion that we possess unlimited possibilities of being duped.

THE New York "Press" editorially jeers at us to the following effect: "More dramatics may be expected from Canada soon, this time over the establishment of a naval training station on Lake Michigan, and the consequent

as is shown by his hopeful exclamation, "Wait until next spring, when the export trade will be an important factor in the cattle trade. At that time we will be able to see whether the city market will hold its own." Unless Ald. Dunn has been woefully misreported, he woefully misrepresents his ward in the City Council, and should be left out when the aldermanic jewels are being selected to adorn the brow of Toronto for 1904.

THE T. EATON COMPANY have shown themselves kindly and clever in their announcement that beginning with the day after New Year's they will close their immense establishment every evening at five o'clock, winter and summer. While the hours of five thousand employees will be shortened, the trade of the company will doubtless not only be nothing, but make considerable gains in the class of help which will offer and the crowds which will be attracted by so radical and worthy a departure from the old routine. So good an example should be generally followed by those in the same large line of business. Of course small store-keepers where the proprietors do considerable of the work themselves and rely more on custom trade, will be unlikely to see their way clear to lop off an hour of the day's work.

THE cold weather is likely to be offset by the heat of a political campaign. The "Globe" announces that there is every likelihood of the federal elections being brought on in the very near future, and already the party organs are tuning up their "lyres" and the electors for a fight. Long vacant North Renfrew is to be filled on the day after Christmas, and there will be a partisan scrap in that vicinity which is likely to leave hair on the snow. Our own municipal contest, on account of the changed circumstances, is apt to be particularly interesting, and altogether we are

charge, as they had done, the debit balance of \$84,078 standing against "A. E. Wallace and A. E. Wallace No. 1 accounts," against the account of the Atlas Loan Company. It seems to be practically this amount which A. E. Ames & Co. are paying or have promised to pay to the insolvent St. Thomas institution, though a balance is credited to the Atlas Company on account of margined Metropolitan Bank stock. Mr. Wallace is to leave the firm and, it would appear, becomes the scapegoat to bleed his way out into the wilderness stripped of everything but his clothes.

The inspectors who accepted the settlement for the Atlas Loan Company "were of the opinion that the outcome of litigation would be very uncertain, and they could best serve the creditors by advising acceptance and thus avoid litigation, uncertain in its outcome, but in any event long drawn out and costly, and in which, if ultimate judgment were obtained by the liquidator, realization might be doubtful." It will perhaps be remembered that I suggested at the beginning of this whole business being railroaded under the barn. Something thousand three hundred and forty-one dollars and twenty-eight cents is a good deal better than nothing, and the inspectors for the Atlas thought that a small section of the lost would be better than none, which might possibly become the creditors' share, even if ultimate judgment were obtained by the liquidator. It was doubtless wise to accept the compromise, for protracted litigation would mean much more publicity than might have been good for the firm of A. E. Ames & Co., which, weakened by protracted attack and the expense of a lawsuit, might be in no position to pay even a fraction of the sum now settled upon.

It cannot be denied that the suspension of Ames & Co. and the utter smash of the Atlas Loan Company have been very unhappy and unsettling episodes. To the Atlas depositors and debenture holders the settlement will mean some 22 cents on the dollar if the debenture holders are not admitted to be preferential creditors; if they are, the depositors, it is said, will get nothing. The stockholders will lose everything and still be liable for unpaid balances on their shares. The absolute editorial silence of the Toronto daily papers with regard to the matter has been inexplicable; there seems to have existed what has been in other instances called a "conspiracy of silence." The blame has been corded on to the back of that poor weakling Wallace, without any editorial protest being heard and with no attempt to divide the blame with those who, if they did not hypnotize him, at least used him, and speculated not only for the Atlas victims but with the money of their own depositors. On the 12th of November that marvelously independent paper, the "News," had the following huge headlines extending across three columns of the paper at the conclusion of Mr. Ames' examination by his own attorney:

"Mr. A. E. Ames emerges with flying colors from examination as to Atlas Loan affairs." "The responsibility for the collapse of the St. Thomas Company placed entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. A. E. Wallace, who, it is charged, violated his partnership agreement." "Mr. Wallace shown to have speculated in fourteen other brokers' offices—If Mr. Ames' advice had been followed the Atlas Company would have ended counter profit instead of loss—He was unable to obtain statement of the affairs of the Atlas Loan Company from Mr. Wallace, although he repeatedly pressed for the same."

The settlement does not bear out this flamboyant display—in fact, if Mr. Ames' advice was so good why didn't Mr. Ames follow it himself and thus keep out of trouble? If I remember correctly, Mr. Ames and his firm conducted Ames & Co. instead of Ames & Co. conducting Ames & Co. Mr. Wallace was not recalled and given another hearing. It was not even shown that Mr. Wallace's speculations in other brokers' offices were none of them on behalf of the firm of Ames & Co., of which he was a member. Many discrepancies between the statements of Mr. Ames and Mr. Wallace were not explained; a complete public examination of the facts was avoided by a settlement, and now no doubt the whole disastrous and complicated mix-up of stock speculation will be quietly buried, with Mr. Ames as chaplain, though it will not be forgotten by those who are financially ruined by the conduct of Mr. Wallace, who was apparently aided and abetted in his mad career of stock gambling by the firm of which he was a member.

I cannot see that the Atlas Loan Company has been treated with extraordinary generosity by A. E. Ames & Co. Take, for instance, the Metropolitan Bank stock, purchased at 200 by the Atlas Loan Company through Wallace and the Ames Company, which is taken back by the Ames Company at 175. It will be remembered that the stock was originally sold at 200, which is par, 100 being stock and 100 reserve. The bank has not been long in business, is not reputed to have made losses impairing its capital, but as it was not listed on the Stock Exchange, Ames & Co. for some reason fix the value at 175. Either this is an injustice to the Metropolitan Bank or to the Atlas Loan Company. Then, again, if Ames & Co. had no right to charge the Atlas Loan Company with the Wallace account and Wallace No. 1, why was it done if not to escape their liability to the Atlas Loan Company, which by the settlement is practically acknowledged? It would be interminable to go over the points of bookkeeping and juggling of accounts which occasioned surprise during the examination, by the attorney for the liquidator, of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Ames. However, the settlement has been accepted and the penniless victims of the Atlas Loan Company shiver, and may starve and shiver in silence, while those who contributed to their miserable situation appear to live in luxury, their consciences preserved from cruel reminders by the unbroken silence of newspapers who find it pays to side with the influential rather than to sympathize with the poor.



FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

Conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, who will assist The Toronto Male Chorus Club at their Annual Concert at Massey Hall on Friday Next, Dec. 11th.

attempt to modify the Treaty of 1817 with Great Britain. Were London alone to be dealt with, such modification would probably be readily granted, but with Canada in her present state of mind, brought into the negotiations, failure would be almost certain."

The "Army and Navy Journal" suggests that the Joint High Commission of 1898 be called together to settle the question. Probably this is the reason that Senator Fairbanks, under the guise of desiring to reopen reciprocity negotiations, is anxious to have the Joint High Commission of 1898 reassembled. It would be quite in harmony with the indirect and cunning diplomacy of the United States to attempt to get Canada into a snarl under the pretext of trying to do her a favor. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, however, has not only answered the charge of discourtesy made by Mr. Fairbanks, but has plainly intimated that he is out of the reciprocity business as far as the United States is concerned, unless that country can convince him that it really means business. Hon. G. W. Ross's splendid speech at the Canadian Club is another indication that Canada is in no mood to reopen reciprocity negotiations. Why should this country be humiliated by being made the plaything and laughing-stock of our arrogant neighbors? The mental attitude of the United States is plainly set forth at the conclusion of the "Press" editorial: "The most feasible plan would appear to be to negotiate with London and ignore Ottawa entirely." London understands pretty well how Canada feels about such matters, and we need not have the slightest fear of our being ignored. What "ignoring" is to be done will be done at Ottawa, and if the Treaty of 1817 is to be modified the "Press" can rest assured that it will not be done without this country's consent, which may not be withheld, as it can be had anyhow by giving six months' notice to abrogate the Rush-Bagot convention.

IT is likely that Ald. Dunn, who is a candidate for re-election, will after New Year's spell his name ex-Ald. Done. Upon being accused by a brother alderman of having threatened to "bust the cattle market" if it was given into Mr. Fleming's charge, he admitted that he had used the expression "privately," but as he said it at a meeting of the Board of Control and evidently meant it, he stands in the unenviable light of a city father who proposed, if he does not still propose, to kill an exceedingly valuable city institution to gratify personal spleen. Ald. Dunn is a drover and doubtless has some influence with drovers, and it is quite possible he could do the city cattle market a great deal of harm, and it is apparently his intention to do what harm he can,

likely to have a warm time this winter without going south for it.

OTTAWA must be the lair of the Fire Fiend, who is so frequently referred to by the rural reporter, and the fire insurance companies are liable to think several times before they take any more risks thereabouts. On Wednesday morning the main building of the Ottawa University, one of the chief educational institutions of the Roman Catholics in Canada, was completely destroyed. So sudden was the outbreak of the flames immediately after breakfast that a number of the students and teachers had to jump from third story windows and some of the servants from as high as six story windows. Blankets and netting were held by those who had escaped through the doorways and no fatalities have to be reported, though three of the priests and as many female domestics were seriously injured. The University's loss is placed in the neighborhood of half a million dollars; the insurance is \$150,000, and the losses to about 250 students, none of whom escaped with more than the clothes they wore, will be considerable. There was no lack of fire escapes and the origin of the fire is not accounted for. While everyone will deplore the destruction of so prominent and useful an educational institution, the loss of a valuable library, which with the college furniture is estimated to have been worth \$200,000, will be most seriously felt.

A. E. AMES & CO., it is announced, have arranged a settlement with the bankrupt Atlas Loan Company of St. Thomas for the sum of \$84,341.28. Twenty-five per cent. of this, it is said, has been paid in cash, and the balance is to be paid in three equal instalments on January 15th, July 15th, 1904, and January 15th, 1905, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum. The settlement, which is the one Ames & Co. offered to the liquidators of the Atlas Loan Company on October 12th, and consented to by a committee of the defunct company appointed as inspectors, on November 19th, is a rather interesting—certainly very arrogant—document. It utterly denies the liability of Ames & Co. to indemnify Mr. Wallace, president of the Atlas Loan Company and for some time a member of the Ames firm, in respect to unpaid balances on shares of Atlas Loan Company standing in his name. It also denies quite as insolently the right of the Atlas Loan Company to repudiate its transactions through Ames & Co., "so far as same related to dealings in securities which the Company, it is alleged, had no right to deal in." The settlement practically admits that Ames & Co. had no right to

A DESPATCH from Mexico published last Saturday states that preparations are being made for a change of President in that republic within the next few months. General Porfirio Diaz, with the exception of one term, retired while the constitution was being changed to a form of him serving more than two terms, has occupied the chair for nearly thirty years, during which, as the condition of things when he took charge, he has ruled as much as any statesman or soldier now living has always been hated by the clerics, and the records time he has ruled will show fully fifty well defined assassinations. He has borne a charmed life, but he is an old man, older, it is said, than he will admit, and a paragon that he is making for a tour of Europe doubt dictates his retirement. He brought order out of chaos Mexico under his rule has changed from a country neither life nor property was safe from the most orderly far the most prosperous of all Latin American countries this work he has been assisted by Jose Yves Limantour, Minister of Finance. Though this far north few have he this wonderful financier, who brought Mexico through famine, famine and the terrible depreciation of silver (a legal tender in Mexico), without permitting injury public credit, yet he is known in London and Paris as the cleverest financial men of the age. He was immensely wealthy when he took office, and though Latin America has almost universally cursed with thievish officials, in Mexico, not even his enemies, has ever dared to the Finance Minister with the slightest peculation. The President, who is partly Indian, and his colleagues are all swarthy, Senior Limantour is fair of complexion and of French descent. When I was in Mexico last Senior Limantour, who is the kindest and most elaborately polite man I ever met, and speaks English fluently, was intensely interested in talking to me about Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He enquired particularly as to how it was possible that a Frenchman was able to achieve the Premiership of a British colony, and as to how such exceptional popularity had been obtained. "At that time General Reyes, if I remember right, was the President's choice as his successor, and it naturally enough struck me that Senior Limantour was wondering why, if a Frenchman could become Premier of Canada, a Frenchman could not become President of Mexico. I wondered, too, that

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The President should pass over his most distinguished associate for a man who had chiefly distinguished himself as Governor of one of the Mexican states, and I heard with pleasure a couple of years ago that General Diaz had changed his mind and was likely to use his influence, which is practically the influence of a dictator, in favor of his Finance Minister.

The choice of Senator Limantour will be particularly grateful to all the foreign element, particularly the capitalists who have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in Mexico, and whose one dread has been that when President Diaz died or resigned the republic would return to a state of turbulence. The prospective President is not nearly so much hated by the clerics as is President Diaz, and it is pretty safe to predict continued peace for the twelve or fourteen millions of people who live between the Rio Grande and the northern boundaries of Central America—that is if Uncle Sam will keep his spoon out of the gruel.

SINCE fiction seems to be the thing nowadays, it is a pity that we cannot have more stories that deal with everyday people in everyday surroundings. The modern novelist, if not historical, turns either to the slums or the smart set, and gives us the Yankee billionaire with her retinue of titled authors or the most sordid records of the "submerged." Why can't we get acquainted with a few people more like ourselves, who manage to keep the wolf at a respectable distance from the front steps, and yet who have to practise fine and small economies in order to get to Europe? The author who tackles everyday life and conditions usually makes the mistake of reducing his style to the commonplace as well and then thinks his readers object to everyday characters, when they are only bored by his commonplace work. William Dean Howells can occasionally write a good bit of realism, such as "A Chance Acquaintance," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," but in a dull moment he takes up a family called "The Kentons" and gives us all manner of petty and tiresome details about their down-sitting, their uprisings and small shopping until one is ready for "The Bandit's Bride" by way of relief. There is enough that is unusual and dramatic, even in the life of a Toronto alderman, to make good reading for the "middle" class. A man like George Ade, who has turned out a good deal of slang and plays about "Sulu" and "Paree," comes with a book, "In Babel," that tells about the money-making and the love affairs of ordinary men and women in Chicago fashion that we smell the bacon they eat and catch a whiff of the roses that the "middle" class sent to his best girl after two weeks of painful waiting. These are "sure-enough folks" and their affairs are sufficiently exciting to be refreshing after the fearful efforts average readers have made to keep up to the repartee of dukes and heiresses. Mayfair has its attractions and Bohemia isn't a slow country; but our neighbor's back yard can sometimes be made more interesting than either.

F. H. THOMAS of Highgate road, London, England, should be proud of his parrot which that noble bird has won the prize of twenty-five pounds, offered by the London "Express" for the first parrot uttering the Free Trade cry. "Your food will cost you more." This is a happy suggestion to the colonies. Our political drama is becoming stale, and we may take a hint from England. The editor of the "Globe" would find it worth his while to possess a bird capable of screeching those immortal words: "We will whack Whitney." Of course the reverend editor would like to be assured that the parrot had been reared in a refined Christian home, where the Third Commandment was carefully observed. Otherwise, some things might be said offensive to the baronets. The bosom of the "Mail and Empire" would glow with unholly joy should a parrot, perching upon its banner, utter the stern enquiry: "Where did the money come from?" Wouldn't the office of the "News" rejoice if it had a red and green "Polly" from whose cage would come the shrill announcement, "This is the forty-eleventh day of the North Renfrew vacancy!" In fact, a vista of pleasing experiences opens up at the thought of Polly taking to politics and demanding crackers from the gentlemen of the Legislature. Judging from the off-repeated and empty party cries of Canada, this ought to be, and in fact is, a great country for political parrots, with and without feathers.

COLOMBIA has already inaugurated a policy intended to prevent United States ships from landing at Cartagena, consequently closing the gateway of the republic to Yankee traders. Without declaring war it was difficult to do

this sort of thing except in a general way, and some of the European nations will have their trade with Colombia, such as it is, impeded. Colombia would, of course, be exceedingly foolish to attempt reprisals on the United States without the backing of all the principal states of South America. With such a backing, even without the help of a European power, it could be made very hot for Uncle Sam. It must be remembered that the United States is not now, as it was once, a huge nation compactly situated on a continent hard to assail except by a navy. Should Latin America unite, no doubt the first one to enter the combination would be Chile, which has an intense hatred of the United States, and has a magnificent navy considering the size and population of the country. Not five years ago the captain of a British warship told me that the Chilean navy was strong enough to drive the British and United States war vessels from all the naval stations on the Pacific coast of both North and South America. Argentina also has a big navy, procured as an offset to the Chilean ships, and both Chile and Argentina have good armies trained and disciplined by the best officers procurable in Europe. Uruguay has little or no navy, and Brazil has a very weak one, but they could raise men enough to make a mighty good showing. Venezuela and Colombia have no navy of any account. Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia scarcely have a pair of war vessels between them, but each one could raise an army able and anxious to fight. Given these conditions, and supposing that a large number of war vessels could be procured on short notice, Cuba could easily be induced to join the combination, for it is peculiarly true of Latin-Americans that blood is thicker than water. Porto Rico would hasten to throw in her lot with her Spanish-American friends. War would flame out afresh in the Philippines, and Hawaii would not be difficult to subdue. The United States navy would have plenty to do defending her own coasts, and Mexico, lying between the United States and the point of vantage which they have gained at Panama, would have to choose between the South American allies and the United States. Central America, terrified with the idea of absorption, would no doubt become a part of the South American league. The frightful possibilities of bloodshed and of prolonged war are too awful to contemplate, but it is to the brink of this abyss that Roosevelt has led the nation, that when they know it all is necessary the victim of a great many jokes, but the old settlers and ranchers are making a great mistake if they discourage such valuable immigrants by what appears to the victims as nothing less than cruelty. It is an odd thing—and I say this as the son of an Englishman—that Canadians, while universally loyal to the Mother Country and liking the English nation as a whole, are not particularly fond of the Englishman—the un-Canadianized one at least—as an individual. On the other hand, while Canadians detest the United States as a nation they like Yankees as individuals. This is one of the queerly mixed sentiments incident to a new country lying geographically close to one nation and clinging sentimentally and by ties of blood closely to another.

A COMPLAINT comes from the North-West that English settlers are being teased and ill-treated more than foreigners are, by the old settlers who have passed the stage of being called "tenderfeet." Of course there is a great deal of horse-play amongst the ranchmen and the cowboys, and the newly arrived Englishmen may have the notion, prevalent to the island whence they came, that they know it all. A man who thinks he knows it all is necessarily the victim of a great many jokes, but the old settlers and ranchers are making a great mistake if they discourage such valuable immigrants by what appears to the victims as nothing less than cruelty. It is an odd thing—and I say this as the son of an Englishman—that Canadians, while universally loyal to the Mother Country and liking the English nation as a whole, are not particularly fond of the Englishman—the un-Canadianized one at least—as an individual. On the other hand, while Canadians detest the United States as a nation they like Yankees as individuals. This is one of the queerly mixed sentiments incident to a new country lying geographically close to one nation and clinging sentimentally and by ties of blood closely to another.

An Insinuation.



Mr. Meakin (who is boarding for two or three days)—By the way, Mrs. Perkins, I must confess that the mutton we had for dinner to-day is not the kind of meat to which I have been accustomed.

Mrs. Perkins—Very likely not, sir. I alwiz gits the very best.

Social and Personal.

THE young folks are enjoying plenty of good times this month, several smart dances being arranged for them. On Wednesday night van-parties drove out to Masqueto, where Mrs. Baldwin was hostess of one of the jolliest of evenings, the sort always arranged by the old regime, but all too infrequent in these days of restaurant dances and suppers. A very good representation of Toronto's best families were gathered at Masqueto, and the dance was kept up with much eclat until morning.

I regret very much that owing to an unexpected onslaught of advertising matter I was last week prevented from giving an account of the two pleasant Wednesday dances, the "Dental dance" at McKenney's and the very jolly reunion at Trinity College. The enlarged paper we issue this and last month gives plenty of room for my news early in the week, but is apt to be crowded on Wednesday and Thursday. I trust my young dancing friends will believe that the omission of these two dances last week was unavoidable.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell were among the guests at Mrs. Hendrie's dance last week. Mrs. Mitchell wearing her beautiful robe des noces of white crepe de soie and rare lace.

The Charity Ball at McKenney's on Thursday evening of last week, I am told, a distinct benefit to the fund in connection with the nurses' residence of the Western Hospital. The attendance was not very large, some two hundred and fifty guests being present. Margaret Huston's debut at Masqueto Hall and other events, and festivities rather interlarded with the dance, but probably a great many of the well-wishers of the Western Hospital purchased tickets who did not go to the ball. Some came late from the concert, and one or two fair patronesses from the dinner at Government House. The patronesses deserve the best thanks of the committee for the interest they took and the way they turned out, most of them being present, and in their very smartest frocks. Lady Mulock and Mrs. Falconbridge brought quite a family party, all looking their best. Mrs. Kiddell, in a beautiful gala gown and carrying a huge round bouquet of orchids, came on from the dinner. Mrs. Cattamach wore a handsome black lace gown over white satin. Mrs. Charles Ritchie also looked very well in a lace and rich silk gown of pastel shades. The newly done over ballroom was very bright and pretty, and the "bridge"

tables in the card rooms were excellently patronized. Supper was served in the upstairs cafe, and the arrangement of large and small tables with a table of honor for the patronesses and committees at the north end of the room, was very conducive to enjoyable grouping.

Miss Margaret Huston has come, sung and conquered, and alas! gone away again. Her debut as a finished artiste delighted everyone who heard her, and her very excellent taste and pretty simplicity of manner, blending with the earnestness and abandon of the true artist, won all hearts before her fine singing finally vanquished them. And besides, she looked the part, in a dream of a dress, snow white, soft, filmy, lighted here and there with flashes of silver and without a jewel, or even a flower, to spoil its pure tone and beauty, her hair simply turned back in light waves from her sweet face, which was innocent of the usual touching up, and grave with the artist's gravity, guileless of smirk or floss of the head, but smiling confidently at the sea of faces turned to her in expectant good will and anticipation. She sang us many a thing and sang them each and all artistically, with the grace which comes in training, and the sweetness which was always hers, and we applauded bravely, and gradually realized the fact that we were no longer sitting in judgment upon this fair singer, for the verdict was out and it was "a great success." Margaret Huston had many personal friends in that big auditorium who glowed with pleasure at her triumph, and many a pair of hands awoke a salvo of applause which have since held her strong, firm hand and seen the lighting of her grave eyes as she thanked them "for being satisfied." And so has the proverb been politely reversed for our own Margaret, and she has found much honor in her own country. And now she has gone away to greater things, grander audiences, and—more money—carrying with her affection and good wishes and leaving us a fair memory of one fine hour when, standing like a spirit of winter in her white and silver gown, she gave us songs of spring, of summer, of autumn, of all the seasons where love and melody may be. It is like her, too, that amid the applause, the pleasure, the compliments and the love of her Toronto friends she could find one thing lacking—the presence of her first teacher, who passed away amid the roses and the vines of the Sorrento he loved so well, hoping for and believing in her future, though he did not live to rejoice in her success. More than one said regretfully, as she bowed for the last time, "How Delasco would have loved to hear and see her to-night!"

Our other "own Margaret," she of the winsome eyes and clear, sweet voice, who has won her laurels from the Atlantic to the Pacific in various roles, is to portray for us one of her successes shortly. Miss Anglin needs no foreword to welcome her to Toronto, where her friends are waiting impatiently for her. She has played in the West with the same success as elsewhere, and her Canadian appearance will be one of the most interesting theatrical events of the season.

Mr. Oscar Bickford and Captain Bickford, who left on Saturday for an auto jaunt to the Falls via St. Catharines and Lewiston, returned safely without a single delay, and enjoyed their run greatly.

The first of the Government House dances takes place next Thursday evening, when the "dear debbies," as the debutantes are called, will have a delightful evening. A friend writes from Ottawa that the Capital is "inundated with 'buds,' male and female, after their kind." We are not doing badly here, either, and the ante-Noel bouquet is a beauty.

On Thursday, November 26th, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave another large dinner at which an exceedingly brilliant company assembled. The table was done in white and gold, hums, and the guests included Mrs. Septimus Denison of London and Mrs. Ivan Senkler of Vancouver. Those who had the honor of being invited were Hon. James Sutherland, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Ryerson, Colonel and Mrs. MacLean, Colonel Stimson, Professor Mavor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Casels, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Lash, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Winchester, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon MacDonald, Mr. D. R. Wilkie and Mr. Cockshutt.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman last week celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, not by any function, but a simple family gathering. It is quite superfluous to wish an amiable and devoted husband and wife any more happiness than they already have, but nevertheless many a kind and loving thought went to them from Toronto, and more than one regret that they were not here to personally receive the same and many of them.

Hon. John Dryden and Mrs. Dryden will occupy Miss Jennings's house in St. Vincent street for the winter. Miss Jennings is at Mrs. Snell's, corner of Grosvenor and St. Vincent streets, and Mr. and Mrs. Dryden moved into their new home this week.

Mr. S. Alfred Jones has been doing it again. Like Silas Wegg, this handsome Brantford boy "drops into wese" on great occasions, and he thus gave Mr. Albert Austin the glad word of the golfers' dinner to that prince of presidents at the Lambton Club on Saturday evening. It is needless to mention the tune to which Mr. Proctor, the vocalist of the club, trotted the lines, and everyone shouted the chorus.

He is a fine big handsome man, a man of great renown, Who thinks things and who does things for this his native town; And Lambton is a monument to his undying fame; Join in the chorus every one, for Austin is his name.

Mr. Austin, Mr. Austin, The greatest man we golfers ever knew; Mr. Austin, Mr. Austin, Mister Austin, Austin, Austin, Austin-oo.

He made the links, he made the greens, he made the bunkers, too, The punchbowl and the clubhouse, and he made the caddies, too; He rammed the creek, he dammed the creek, perfection they became; Join in the chorus every one, for Austin is his name.

More power to his elbow, may he live for many a year; May every hour bring joy to him, but not a minute's care; In time to come all men will say who play the royal game, Great was he whom our fathers knew—and Austin was his name.

Mrs. W. A. Foster and her son and daughter, who have been in pension at Iver Holm for the past few weeks, will occupy 454 Sherbourne street for the season, they having leased that residence furnished.

The returns from the Charity Ball given in aid of the Western Hospital show a surplus of some five hundred dollars over the expenses, which will be a very cosy little Christmas box from the energetic ladies' committee who engineered the affair so cleverly.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Mr. Arthur Guise arrived in town on Monday afternoon, and were met by the Lieutenant-Governor and the official secretary, and driven to Government House, where they resided during their Toronto visit. The dinner in honor of St. Andrew's Day, for which His Excellency came to town, was held with great eclat at the Queen's Hotel in the evening, and all the honored observances were to the fore—pipers, haggis, and plenty of Scottish wit and poetry, Colonel Buchanan being the vocalist and singing two rattling good songs. The Governor-General confessed to a hunter's appetite and appreciation of the tempting menu, and the facts that it was His Excellency's first St. Andrew's dinner here and that His Honor was the first native-born Scot to hold the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, were duly noted and cheered. Never have the sons of Auld Scotia celebrated more joyfully the day of Scotland's patron saint.

The first dance at Government House will take place next Thursday evening, and those of the dancing set who have been invited are looking forward to it with great anticipations. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark have certainly taken up the social duties at Government House at a rattling pace, and again and again does one hear appreciation of their bounteous and dignified hospitality, much of which, being impromptu on the visit of some notable person to town, is not made common property, but is the quick recognition and welcome which leaves in the visitor's heart warm gratitude and a very

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
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pleasant memory. The first dance next week will, I believe, be followed by one or more others, and will add considerably to the brilliancy of the season.

Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly returned from England last week.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar of "The Lodge," Hamilton, gave a dance this week at the Royal in honor of the debut of her pretty daughter, Miss Violet Crerar, who was so much admired at Mrs. Hendrie's dance on the twenty-fifth. Miss Crerar has been finishing her studies in England, and has grown from a gentle little girl into a very sweet and refined young lady, with some of the tone of her lovely stepsister, Mrs. Adam Beck, which will develop greater charm as she grows out of her first shy debutante days. Things are going it socially in Hamilton as elsewhere, this record debutante season, and the fair maidens are having what may not inaptly be designated "the time of their lives."

The Misses Winifred and Gwendolyn Darling were two popular Toronto girls at Mrs. Hendrie's dance, and were under the care of their stalwart brother, who was in full dress Highland uniform. Miss Darling wore a pretty blue gown and the debutante, Miss Gwen, was in white. Miss Gladys Burton remained over for the Crerar dance with her hostess, Miss Young. Miss Cosby also went up to the Hendrie dance under the care of her brother, another big handsome Scot who looks stunning in his kilts. In the hurry of writing a little word about the dance last week I overlooked inexcusably some of our young folks.

A very pretty hostess and a very pretty tea attracted many ladies to Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie's home in Huron street on Monday afternoon, where they had the added pleasure of meeting a former Torontonian, one who is always welcomed by hosts of good friends, Mrs. Stinson Jarvis, formerly Annie Croft. The hostess and the guest of honor, who is looking the picture of health and brightness, received in the drawing room, and the guests passing through the pretty suite found the usual crush in the tearoom, where everyone was talking as hard as possible, mamas and girls arranging parties for this and that dance, after the manner of the gregarious young things, and telling of shocking late hours at a recent ball, and "Cinderella rule" at Government House. The girls don't appear to be quite in love with five o'clock in the morning vigils, as they are so busy nowadays that only a limited amount of tired feeling is permissible. Next week Mrs. T. D. Delamere has a dance in the Temple ballroom, at which Captain Bickford will begin to say farewell to the circle in which he is so popular, as he and his mother leave for England very shortly.

The bal poudre which is to be held in the King Edward on December 18th will have the advantage of (for it) unusually beautiful surroundings. We all remember former "poudres" in the vast and bleak Pavilion which went up in flames last year, and have regretted that the cause for which the ball is given was so absorbing an interest with the committee that they expended as little as possible in decorations. We also recall that the stewards of the bal poudre were always culled from the most select and aristocratic families in the city, and that the tone of this particular dance more nearly approached that of a private ball than any other like function. And now the beautiful King Edward is to be the scene of the revels of the quaintly coiffed and powdered dames, the fetching little debutantes whose bright young faces take on added witchery when framed by snowy rolls and ringlets, and the stately chaperones who are always a striking attraction at this ball. If the committee could ensure the attendance of officers in full uniforms and just ordinary everyday good dancers in court costume of black knee breeches and silken hose and silver or diamond buckled shoes, the bal poudre of 1903 might easily go up head as the loveliest affair of the season.

A very large and smart dinner at Clover Hill was one of last week's prettiest affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne entertained beautifully, and the guests mounted in number toward the half hundred.

In reference to the confusion which arises between the two telephone calls, Park and North, and of which we have had a good many instances lately, I might suggest that my friends who want Parkdale should follow the instructions given in the telephone book and say "Parkdale." As a wag

remarks at my elbow, "There's a 'dale' in that, now!" The Telephone Company object to "West," as against the best judgment, two points of the compass being, they assure me, confusing. Therefore, to avoid any more wrong connections, won't you all please get in another syllable?

The dinner dances at the Hunt Club afford one of the delightful ways of spending a Cinderella evening, and a congenial party enjoyed the initial dance of the season in this connection last Friday. 'Tis a bit far to go just for dinner or just for a little impromptu shaking of the heels, but dinner and dance together make the distance just right.

A brash young man was guying the horsemanship of some of the men at the New York Horse Show. His name was Smith. "Town Topics" thus tells the result of Smith's criticisms: "The discussion ended by Smith betting Fred Okie fifty dollars that he could not ride Sure Pop bareback over one of the hurdles at five feet. The match was arranged in the committee-room after lunch, and bets were made by several others, so that when the event came off there was quite a crowd on hand interested in the result. Then Okie claimed that he could ride on the blanket, that being equivalent to 'bareback,' and would spare his trousers, and Tom Hitchcock, to whom the question was left, decided in Okie's favor, and he won. This really was not fair, because a blanket, which sticks to one's trousers, and a heavy, broad roller such as the horse had on, are better than a saddle without stirrups. Dr. Smith of Toronto, who saw the performance, said 'That's a very different thing from riding a horse bareback.' Next time a porous plaster might be fastened sticky side up on the blanket—but no, that certainly would spoil the Okie man's trousers!"

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society, under the inspiration and direction of that enthusiastic little lady, Mrs. Harley Roberts, blossomed out into an afternoon "the musical" on Saturday, in the charming banquet hall of the King Edward. A large and smart attendance was the result, and some good songs and violin and piano solos were rendered by artists. Mrs. Roberts, very daintily gowned and looking as pretty as a picture, received the guests, who ranged themselves in solid phalanx at the far end of the room, handy to the tea-table, or sought the green and gold chairs which lined the wall on either side. At first silence was courteously the rule, while Miss Cowan and Mr. Blight sang, but as soon as the tea began to circulate the tongues began to wag, and not all the nods and uplifted fingers in the world could silence them. 'Tis ever thus at the musical tea, and probably ever will be! I heard a correctly garbed man giving a rather seedy looking fellow in a grey tweed suit such a going over as never was for not making himself smart for the occasion. "Ought to be ashamed," growled he of the frock coat and top; and I dare say he was. "Any old clothes" did once in Toronto, but with palatial housing we must expect correct dressing, and yellow boots and business suits at an elegant affair such as last Saturday's will soon be as great curiosities as in smarter towns. Late in the afternoon Miss Margaret Huston and her sister, Miss Huston, came in for a few moments, and were, like many others, quite surprised at the hold the "Strolling Players" have taken in the social world. But Mrs. Roberts's friends are less astonished, for she is one of the most ardently enthusiastic and energetic of women, and is hourly thinking and planning for the advancement of her pet project. The very latest idea is the down-town tea-room, which will be a civilized glint of la vie de Boheme and arranged in some convenient studio for the members and friends of the S. P. A. O. Society. Looks like a "Gospel propagation" set of initials, doesn't it? but it's quite another sort of thing.

The next latest enterprise to the down-town tea-room is the Woman's Club, which follows everywhere the steps of the "flat-dwellers," though in this case it is not a flat-dweller, but the mistress of one of the most charming homes in Spadina Town who is the moving spirit. There are now in Toronto scores of women who have no household cares, and such will be the warmest welcomers of the Woman's Club, reading-room and whatever further ramifications it may develop. The proposed quarters are sumptuous and convenient, their facilities for practical use in entertaining oneself and "putting up" one's visiting friends perfect, and the town is growing so fast into the size which demands such an institution that it ought to have a capital start. Although I have many particulars, I am not yet given authority to spring them on the ladies.

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Fox Scarfs and Stoles, in all varieties, \$7.50 to \$60.00.
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Special value in Grey Squirrel Stoles, 46 in. long, 12 in. deep at neck, trimmed with ermine and chenille, \$50.00 and \$60.00. Mink Muffs, \$12.00 to \$50.00.
Alaska Sable Muffs, \$6.50 to \$25.00.
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Social and Personal.

AN engagement which I hear is to be announced to-day has been public property for some days, and many congratulations are being quietly offered to the happy fiancés, one of whom is very well known and popular in smart circles.

Still another engagement between a clever young society man of Toronto and a charming Montrealer is being spoken of and is, I am assured, "fait accompli."

The Strolling Players' concert on December 17 is to give an opportunity to Toronto people to hear for the first time two talented singers, Mrs. Hooker of Rochester and Mr. Harvey of Kingston, who will take the songs arranged to complete the programme, and whose visit will be of great interest to the supporters of the society.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Montimer Clark received a large number of callers on Thursday afternoon, the fair debutantes and their mothers and a number of strangers in town being present between 3 and 6 o'clock. The young folks are all in raptures over the fine ballroom, which most of them are to frisk in next Thursday evening.

Miss Eileen Elwood, who was to have made her debut this fall, is in mourning still for her grandmother, Mrs. Worthington, and will not go out until next year. Miss Mary Elwood has had a very sharp and serious illness, but is now convalescing satisfactorily. Society missed her sweet and always attractive personality.

A thoroughly delightful dance was that given by Mrs. Baldwin of Mashqueth for the debut of her granddaughter, Miss Jean Graham, who is a fair maid from the South, where her mother, sister of the famous Baldwin family, married a wealthy planter. Miss Graham is with her grandmother now, and made a charming debutante, as in her dainty white dress, with a bouquet of roses, she stood beside the dowager and was presented to the guests. Mashqueth, as everyone knows, is away, way out in Avenue road, near the U. C. College, and as the vans, carriages and coppers streamed out on Wednesday night the hospitable glow of many lights greeted them from the very gates of the Baldwin homestead. The grounds were lit and just lightly covered with the first snow of the season, and when the door of the home opened one felt the welcome radiating from every quarter. The young folks danced in the suite of rooms and hall and some of their chaperones joined them, others played cards, and others talked of interests only possible when loving family ties instead of fugitive contact in the whirl of society made them one in thought and interest. Mrs. Baldwin's telephone was ringing until 8 o'clock with requests to bring "just one more" to her dance, and to each pleader the same old-time word of bounteous hospitality was sent, "Plenty of room and welcome for all!" When supper-time came tables seating four sprang as if by magic all over the upper rooms, each lighted with wax candles, with glowing red shades, and the large company sat down in great comfort all at once, the feasters coming up one stair and going down the other, avoiding all crowding. Another debutante came out at Mashqueth, Miss Lenore Dennis of Cobourg, granddaughter of Hon. Judge and Mrs. Clarke of that pretty town. She was under the wing of her relative, Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, who generously gave more than half her time and care from her own pretty debutante, Miss Muriel, to looking after the sweet young Cobourger. Miss Muriel wore her debutante dress, which was so much admired at her coming-out tea, and Miss Dennis was beautifully gowned in a rich white satin. There were lots of other freshly-gathered buds, which have recently been added to the bouquet, Miss Blair Burrows, looking very nice in her white frock (such pretty manners are Miss Blair's!); Miss Susie Cassels, who is one of the popular maidens; this a pretty white frock, and Miss season, Miss Marjorie Arnoldi in Janet Price, very pretty in white. There were (ah, crowning sheaf!) more beaux than belles at Mashqueth, as in the "fair old, rare old, golden days," when wallflowers didn't bloom at all, and beside the buds in white, there were scores of their loveliest, both the sisters in all colors, for the flowers at the Mashqueth dance were of the prettiest and most plentiful. The music was a dream, many old-time favorite tunes being played in excellent style. The family party was also large (there are few small people called Baldwin), and each and all did their best to make the coming-out of their fair kinswomen a perfect success.

The Argonaut Rowing Club ball will take place early in January, and the following gentlemen have been appointed to look after same: Messrs. E. Hamber, P. Hardisty, C. O. Beaudry, C. J. Forlong, Captain Law, L. Beecher, T. McMurrian, W. R. Wadsworth, Hugh Hoyle, Howard Johnson, Roy Jones, Walter Green, C. W. Darling, Howard Ridout, Donald Bremner, J. G. Meerkick.

The stork called on Tuesday with the gift of a little son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce of Newmarket.

The date of Miss Sternberg's entertainment was changed after the advertisement had gone to press, and friends will please note that it will take place on the 11th instead of the 10th of December.

The usual sale of work under the auspices of the ladies of St. Peter's Church Guild will take place next Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings, with high tea on Thursday at 6.30.

Mrs. C. S. Boone of Bloor street east sails from New York on the 9th inst., for Boulogne, France, where she will join her son, Lieutenant C. A. Boone, who is on a two months' leave of absence from his regiment, now stationed at Aldershot. They, together, intend spending the time in making a tour of the Continent.

Although there was threatening of a snowfall in the early part of the afternoon on Saturday, the day of Mrs. Shore's tea, a very large number of people turned out, several hundreds being present, and keeping the large rooms and halls well filled. Mrs. Shore wore a handsome black crepe gown, with some



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fine old lace on the bodice, and her two daughters, Miss Shore and Miss Etta, assisted their mother, Miss Shore in a becoming gray mottled canvas, trimmed with Persian embroidery and a little red panne velvet, and Miss Etta in a cream dotted voile frock. In the drawing-room Dr. Allan Shore made a most genial host, taking that post as the only unmarried son were there also, looking after some of the guests, and the tea-room was patronized by Mrs. Hollinsake of Ingersoll, Mrs. Egerton Shore and Mrs. W. G. Kent, assisted by six or eight bright young girls, who were somewhat relieved of their responsibility in looking after the welfare of the guests by a few of the young men who were present. The table was beautifully done in yellow 'mums and violets, which, with the several shaded candles dotted here and there, presented a most attractive appearance.

Mrs. Kerr of Radcliff gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Baird, who is with the Baroness Cedarstrom (Patel) on her tour. Among the guests were Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Heinenman, Mrs. Cattamach, Mrs. Forsyth Grant. Mrs. Baird is a connection by marriage of Mrs. J. K. Kerr.

Mrs. J. Mackenzie Alexander gave a delightful small tea for some of her friends on Wednesday, and received for the last time this year on the following afternoon. Miss Fielding of Ottawa was the guest of honor at the tea.

Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald gave a charming dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hammond's dinner to some three score and ten friends at the Toronto Club on Friday last was what a jolly guest called a "top-notch." The details were elegantly carried out and the tone of great good-fellowship.

Mrs. Norman Anderson gave an extremely nice little tea on Tuesday afternoon to some of her women friends at her home in Bloor street west.

Mrs. and Miss Leverich, 545 Jarvis street, will receive on Monday afternoon and evening during the season. Miss Small of Montreal, who has been visiting them, returns home next Monday. She is a charming girl and has made many friends in Toronto.

Van der Stucken.

Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, the famous conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, which will appear with the Mad Chorus Club at their annual concert on Friday evening, December 11, not Saturday, December 12, as first announced, is a very well-known musician and composer. He first attracted attention in 1883 in a concert of his own compositions at Weimar, under the protection of Franz Liszt, who befriended and encouraged him greatly. He came to America in 1884 to accept a position as leader of the famous Arion Singing Society of New York City, where he succeeded Dr. Leopold Damrosch. In 1892, at his instigation, the Arion Society undertook the now historical tour of Europe, and met with overwhelming success. Mr. Van der Stucken also conducted a series of American compositions at the Paris Exposition in 1889, and was appointed official delegate of the United States to the Musical Congress. His compositions are looked upon with much favor by the foremost musical critics of America and Europe, his symphonic prologue, "Wilhelm Ratcliffe," having met with special favor. Van der Stucken has one of the most distinctive and attractive personalities in American musical life; and as a drill-master he is a terror—at least to those easy-going gentlemen who dote upon short, slipshod rehearsals, and who think that any kind of a scratch performance is good enough for the dear, raw American public. The chief units of Mr. Van der Stucken's interpretation of music for the orchestra are passion and vivacity. Hence he is equally good in the works of the Belgian and new French composers. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra is one of the four great symphony orchestras in the United States, and is beyond doubt one of the best organizations of its kind in this country or Europe. It is one of the oldest orchestras in the world, having been organized since 1857, and for the past ten years has been under the direction of Frank Van der Stucken, who is the present conductor. Each year a series of concerts is given in Music Hall, Cincinnati, from November until April, and the present season which has just opened promises to be the most successful in the history of the organization.

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Social and Personal.

The ladies who received at the Charity Ball last week included Mrs. George Campbell, in black lace over white; Mrs. Charles Ritchie, in light gray silk, with Dresden trimmings and applique; Mrs. Price Brown, in black Chantilly lace gown over white silk and chiffon; Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, in a rich black sequin gown over green; Mrs. Percival Leadley, in cream lace robe over white silk and blue chiffon; Mrs. R. J. Kearns, in pink chiffon over silk; Mrs. Frank Stowe, in bisque voile over green silk and turquoise velvet.

Mr. and Mrs. Stout have returned from a two months' trip to the West Coast and are for the present at the Queen's. They will be flat-dwellers as soon as their suite in the "Alexandra" is furnished. On their way home they had a charming visit with their two younger daughters, who are at school in New York.

Mr. Harry Haviland Grubbe, lately of Toronto, has been moved from Millbrook, on promotion to Montreal, where he finds several old Peterboro friends. Mr. Eustace Haselwood Grubbe of the Bank of Montreal, Vancouver, is receiving many congratulations on his engagement to Miss Bertha Marie Rouleau, youngest daughter of the late Judge Rouleau of Calgary. Both the brothers are very popular and nice men, and are grandsons of the late Captain W. H. Grubbe of Barrie, formerly of Horsenden Manor, Bucks, England.

A Dawson paper has been forwarded to me containing an elaborate account of the marriage of Miss Florence Freeman and Mr. John Kerr Sparling, a barrister of the frozen zone, or, as the account calls it, the ice-ribbed Northland. The bride was formerly a Torontonian, and her sister, best known as Ruth Fenton, a journalist, went up to the North some ten or more years ago, and there met her fate in the person of Dr. J. N. E. Brown, the territorial secretary. Miss Florence has followed so good an example, and St. Paul's Episcopal Church was the scene of her wedding. Rev. Mr. Flewelling officiating. The bride wore a gown brought direct from Paris, of cream voile de soie, with lace insertion and satin ribbons, and a white picture hat trimmed with ostrich plumes. The marriage was at 8 o'clock, whether night or morning the Dawson scribe saith not, but the after-feast was given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Brown, where a reception was held and a flower-crowned buffet provided refreshments. The best man was Mr. Arthur Boyle; Miss Roderiger and Miss Hager were bridesmaids, and Miss Belle Craig was maid of honor, all three in white mousseline. Mr. O. S. Finnie and Mr. Guy Congdon were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Sparling went directly home after the reception, during which Governor Congdon proposed the bride's health in an original and amusing speech, the scant particulars of which fill me with a wild desire to hear it verbatim. Every good wish and heartiest good-will seem to be some of the pleasant tribute of their friends to the happy pair and plenty of fine presents were offered them. Judge and Mrs. Craig gave silver candelabra and Judge and Mrs. Macaulay a handsome Wedgwood tea set.

A couple of photos, presumably a bride and groom, have been sent to me, without any clue to their identity. If the originals wish them returned, I should be glad of an intimation to that effect, and a stamped wrapper.

Mrs. Richard Ivens, recently of Ontario street, has purchased a very pretty home in Carlton street, No. 208, where she will receive during the season on the first and second Fridays.

The disbanding and reorganization of the Wellington Hockey Club has been of interest to sport-lovers. The manager for the last two years, Mr. Will Lamont, was forced by pressure of business to resign, and carries with him the esteem and appreciation of all lovers of the game. He was during his term of office an enthusiastic and devoted "Wellington."

Toronto friends who remember the clever young German, Herr Ernst Ruth, who spent a couple of years here with his brother, Herr Rudolf Ruth, will hear with interest of his marriage the other day to Miss Martha A. Schenk, which took place in Colorado. Mr. Ruth has been for some time connected with the Pueblo Bank, in Pueblo, where he has made himself a fine position, and grown into a remarkably handsome man.

Mr. and Mrs. George Copping of 15 South Drive, Rosedale, are among the many householders whose fine new homes beautify the northern suburb. They spent the past summer on the Island, and Mrs. Copping will after January 1 receive callers on Mondays.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Margaret Huston spent a pleasant hour with Mrs. Hartley Dewar and two or three artistic friends, "pour dire adieu," at the home of the former young matron, in Elmley place.

Captain Brown, a very delightful visitor on leave from India, is stopping at the Hotel. The departure of Captain Sweny last month from Toronto was a cause of the greatest regret to his many friends, who are devoted to him. I have never heard higher encomiums on any young man than have been voiced by the young and old military men on Captain Sweny, whose leave was all too short.

Another nice fellow bids adieu, or rather let us hope, "au revoir," to Toronto on Monday week; when Captain Bickford accompanies his mother to England, en route for West Africa. Mrs. Bickford will, I believe, continue on after Christmas as far as Cairo with her son, who goes to rejoin his regiment, leaving many regrets behind him.

Mrs. Robert M. Bertram (nee Hodgson) received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, November 26, afternoon and evening, at her new home, 134 Spadina road, and will be at home on the first and second Fridays during the season.

By request of the Women's Art Association the following artists have kindly consented to open their studios to the

public on Saturday afternoon, December 5, from 3 o'clock; Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; Miss Adams, 325 College street; Mrs. Dignam, 28 Toronto street; Mr. E. Wyly Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Mr. J. W. L. Foster, Manning Arcade, King street west; Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, Confederation Life Building; Mr. Robert F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street, and Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander returned home last month, after a most delightful visit with friends and relatives in England and Scotland. They left their young daughter at school in Brighton (at the same establishment, by the way, which "finished" those charming girls, Mrs. Ledyard and her sister, Miss Phyllis Hendrie). Naturally, Mrs. Alexander misses her sweet companion, Miss Jean, dreadfully, but the latter is as busy and contented as may be with her many studies. Mrs. Alexander was at home this week on Thursday, but, like almost everyone else, is to be denied to callers until after the Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan are at 665 Spadina avenue for the winter, where Mrs. Dunstan receives on Fridays. Mrs. Graham of Buffalo, who has spent several winters in Toronto, is in pension in very nice quarters at 14 Wilton Crescent, and is at home on Mondays. Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson are in pension at 32 John street.

At Miss Florence E. Ward's usual Thursday reception, held on November 26, in her studio at York Chambers, 9 Toronto street, the following were present: Mr. James Smith, secretary R.C.A.; Mrs. and Miss M. Carter, Mrs. R. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Murray, Mrs. Darby, Mrs. Smythe, Miss Vickers, Miss Playter, Miss Muntz, R.C.A., Mrs. Hyland, Mr. Fred J. Stewart and the Misses Stewart, Miss P. Lee, Mrs. and Miss Clarkson, Mrs. and Miss Cosbie, Rev. W. Carey Ward. Besides several pieces of work done in New York, the latest examples of sculpture were his relief portraits of Mrs. Smythe, Miss Laura Muntz, a child, Rev. W. Carey Ward, a nearly finished bust of a bride, Miss Beatrice Carter, and a three-quarter life-sized figure of a boy, intended for the St. Louis Exposition and entitled "Mischievous." Miss Ward is at home to all in her studio every Thursday afternoon, from 3 to 6.

A charming tea was given on Friday afternoon of last week by Miss Smith and Mrs. Joseph R. Miller at the residence of Dr. G. B. Smith, No. 92 College street. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated with pink roses and magnificent white chrysanthemums, and the hall with large clusters of golden chrysanthemums. In the tea-room the scheme of color was entirely of white and green, with a lovely "shower" arrangement of crimson Meteor roses; the mantels were banked with smilax and roses. An orchestra, placed in the hall behind a bank of palms, added very

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DRAMA



THE play, "More Than Queen," which was presented at the Grand Opera House this week, is little more than the story of Napoleon and Josephine. To take the part of the "Little Corporal," who was himself the greatest actor the world has seen, with engagements in every capital of Europe, is a heavy task. To say that Mr. William Humphrey was not ridiculous, that his clothes looked very well, and that he gave the audience some genuine thrills, is but doing him justice. He showed effectively the hardening of Napoleon's nature through his colossal ambition, the "Emperor" of the last act being a much worse man than the First Consul of the opening scene. Miss Anne Sutherland made a sufficiently regal Josephine, with gowns that were dreams of splendor, and in all probability, nightmares of expense. The girl who eats caramels and pink creams between the acts exclaimed, "Ain't they simply grand!" Miss Sutherland's costume and acting in the first two acts failed to please the fastidious, but she gained in grace and dignity as misfortunes gathered round the "Empress" and the final impression was distinctly favorable. However, she screamed and raved altogether too wildly, even when it was remembered that the first Mrs. Napoleon was a creature. Her arms were stretched out in entreaty so often that the gesture lost effect and the audience cared not a penny whether the lady got what she was reaching for. The coronation scene was gorgeous indeed, lacking nothing that crimson velvet, gold braid and sweeping ermine can bestow. Mr. Humphrey showed excellent sense by refusing, at the conclusion of this scene, to make the "speech" that the gallery raucously demanded. Nothing would have been more humiliating to the young person whose long power was in inverse proportion to their courtesy. The coarse laughter greeting Napoleon's tragic declaration that he must have an heir to his Empire, that he was forced to divorce his loved Josephine, was an indication of denseness as impenetrable as any jungle. The performance by the orchestra was much better than the metallic torture usually inflicted upon Toronto theatergoers. In fact, the "Peggy from Paris" selections made the hearer involuntarily exclaim, "And when will Peggy be in Toronto?"

The charming Irish comedy, entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen," given by the Unity Dramatic Club on Thursday evening of last week in the spacious hall adjoining St. Luke's Church, was a distinct success, and afforded much amusement to those fortunate enough to witness the performance. In the opening scene Kathleen Mavourneen, the role being taken by Miss E. Kertland, is introduced in her cottage home in the land of Shamrocks and suddenly finds herself called upon to make a choice in the matrimonial market. Two aspirants are under consideration, one being a wealthy squire, Bernard Kavanagh, and the other a wild Irishman, Terence O'More, with whom she is in love. The girl wavers between the longing to be "a great lady" and the desire to be true to her rustic swain. All sorts of excitement prevail in the following acts, murder and sudden death included, Kavanagh appearing as a heartless villain and O'More playing the brave hero to perfection. However, in the last scene the girl and the interested audience waken up to find that "twas only a dream." She decides to marry Terence, who displays an eye to business that is quite unexpected in the romantic Irish lover, appealing to his rival by way of marriage settlement for "a little house and a little lot, a cow and a pig and a chicken or two!" In part payment he has the goodness to offer a diamond ring which has been bestowed upon the lady of his choice by the dignified squire, who, notwithstanding the shock his affections have received, is inclined to be benevolent. Mr. V. Heron as Kavanagh was a very superior gentleman, while Mr. H. S. Tibbs, Jr., as Terence O'More, was a typical boyish lover, with a brogue that was very fetching. The other members of the cast enacted their several parts well and pretty Irish melodies were played by Mr. Lawrence, the latter adding greatly to the pleasure of the entertainment, the proceeds of which went to the building fund of St. Luke's Church.

Mr. Henry Miller, who accompanies Miss Margaret Anglin on her farewell tour of Canada, is too well known to need any introduction here. His presence in Miss Anglin's company naturally lends weight and dignity to it. Mr. Miller will not be seen in "Cynthia," but he will appear in the charming one-act play, "Frederic Lemaitre," which Mr. Clyde Fitch wrote for him several years ago, and with which Mr. Henry Miller's name has been long associated. The play is considered a gem in its way, and deals with an episode in the life of the great French tragedian—somewhat on the order of the episode in the life of David Garrick which Robertson took as the theme for his great comedy.

Shea's popular family resort made good its title this week. Gallagher and Barrett, described on the bill as polite comedians, have a wonderful torrent of language in which are mixed up plenty of good things. They sing and dance and impersonate in an amusing and entertaining way. A little one-act drama with an exceedingly effective bit of stage setting is presented in "Shipmates," with Edmund Day as leading man and Elmer E. Potter an effective second. Miss Patrice Winstan makes a good orphan, who has come to make her home on the wreck of the "Sairy Jane," the old shipmate's schooner, half a mile from the water. The piece is cleverly written by Mr. Day, who is the author of many other bright skits. Sullivan and Weston do a tumultuous one-act piece entitled "A Foolish Move." All interest in the "move," whatever it is, is submerged in the facial and vocal contortions of Sullivan, who manages to keep the audience highly amused. Robertus and Wilfredo does not suggest ball juggling, but with the assistance of a highly intelligent fox terrier they did a very pretty piece of work which had the merit of stopping just when the audience had enough. The topical songs of Billy Clifford take well. Billy makes himself at home with his audience, and sings a song about a girl with a sulphurous sounding name which he works to the limit. Adolph Zink isn't more than knee high to a well developed actor, but in his little make-up there are a lot of possibilities. With the assistance of a kinetograph he shows how

the trick of impersonation of various stage celebrities is done. He is a novelty, sure enough. When is the trick bicyclist going to bid us a last farewell? Why doesn't some enterprising trick rider rig up a little locomotive to do his act with? The locomotive could at least shriek back when it was abused or maybe it could blow up and thus revenge itself and the audience in one explosion. A poor bicycle cannot do anything but break or explode its tires. However, Robbins does some clever work with the bicycle. The kinetograph pictures this week are entertaining, and the Busy Bee is instructive. It suggests the possibilities of the kinetograph as an educational medium.

"For the fun thereof." Only a genuine love of fun and the nonsense that "now and then is relished by the wisest men," could have drawn such full houses to the Princess Theater during the early part of this week, when "The Sleepy King" was ruling and yawning and dozing. The piece in which the king is absolutely little or nothing from a dramatic standpoint, bubbles over with utter foolishness, and though the latter palls in places, the principals are clever enough to keep the ball rolling with pleasing variation. "The Sleepy King" is a comic opera, pure and simple, with no striking plot, no great climax. It, unfortunately, brooks an element of veiled vulgarity, and some of the members of the cast are decidedly "off color," displaying a lack of finesse that greatly detracts from the general effect of this new production, which might otherwise boast of only daintiness and grace. The scene is laid in fanciful Arcadia, suitable stage settings and costumes blending artistically. The role of King Oro, the drowsy Regent of Rurallania, who is continually courting the Goddess of Slumber, is taken by Mr. Walter Jones very capably, and when, to shirk his kingly duties, he changes places with the Prime Minister, complications arise which afford much amusement to the onlooker at any rate. Mr. Edd Redway as Yankee D. Picklesauer, a German-American traveler, who lands in Arcadia, and whose passport in life seems to be "much obliged," is absolutely ridiculous—a little man, as clever as he is funny, whose first appearance reminds one for all the world of the old-time Jack-in-the-box decorating a Christmas stocking. Mr. Dave Abrahams introduces a departure of some originality which provokes an immense amount of laughter when he appears incognito first as a frog, then as an owl, and finally in the shaggy garb of a goat, who strikes terror into stony hearts and sets brave men "all of a tremble." However, the animal, instead of being a wild beast of the forest, as supposed, turns out to be the harmless pet of Airy Ann of Michigan, a busy little agent for air ships, drumming in Rurallania. Miss Nellie O'Neil plays the latter part and is as refreshing as a breeze of keen north wind. There is a princess to whose hand all the men are aspiring, and an instructor in etiquette who imagines herself equally favored, and these roles are acceptably filled by Miss Catharine Linyard and Miss Harriet Packard. The music throughout is light and tuneful. Several good songsters add their quota in various solos, one of the best voices in the company being possessed by Mr. George Fiske, who appears as Strephon, a troubadour who travels in Rurallania and poses as a distinguished ambassador, finally winning "the beautiful princess." It's all of the world, the flesh, and a dash of the devil, with a touch of wit, a trace of wisdom and sundry siphons of bottled-up fun that fizzes out in a steady stream over the head of the sleepy King.

The most complete organization ever appearing in musical comedy on tour is that of "The Silver Slipper," the latest musical play by the authors of "Florodora," which will be the attraction at the Princess Theater for one week, commencing next Monday, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. In preparing to send "The Silver Slipper" on tour following its season's successful run at the Broadway Theater, New York, Manager John C. Fisher did not hesitate at expense, and the complete production with all the dazzling scenic and lighting effects and the expensive and elaborate costumes, which tended to make this musical play the most successful production of the season, will be seen here. The "Champagne Dance," which is one of the many features of this production, is sure to set all Toronto talking, and even the soberest will be compelled to yield to its charms. The cast numbers 125 people, and includes such well-known favorites as Knox Wilson, Donald Brine, Ann Tyrell, Ben Lodge, Laura Clement, Joseph Welch, Frances Gordon, Carolyn Gordon, and Alice Lessing. During its metropolitan run the chorus of "The Silver Slipper" became famous for its beautiful young women; by extraordinary inducements, Manager Fisher received the consent of the young ladies to go on tour with the organization, and they shall have the pleasure of seeing some of the most beautiful choruses.

For next week Mr. Shea has gathered what he promises will be the best bill of the season. It will be headed by Charles Burke, Grace La Rue and the Two Kings, the greatest vaudeville sketch of the year. Other big features of the bill will be Louis Simon and Grace Gardner, Smith and Fuller, De Witt, Burns and Torrance, Keno Welch and Montrose, Carleton and Terre, and several others.

Willard Spenser, author of "Miss Bob White," which is to be seen here soon, has composed three operas, "Little Tycoon," "Princess Bonnie," and "Miss Bob White," each of which has been performed over three hundred times, and which have had more than a century run in Philadelphia. Mr. Spenser is now at work on his fourth opera, which will be presented in Philadelphia this spring.

Hoskins—I once paid a hundred dollars to see a doctor.
Halliday—What?
Hoskins—The doctor had four aces and I had four kings.



How St. Andrew appeared at the Scotch dinner on Monday evening.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE annual great Horse Show in Madison Square Garden has come and gone. It opened last Monday with the usual blare of trumpets, and a very unusual after-luncheon speech the day before, that has made another Murphy famous. When Patrick F. Murphy stood up at the directors' luncheon to the toast of the Horse Show Society he was not known to half a dozen persons present, and when he sat down he was by universal consent of his audience the greatest after-dinner orator in this country, the one and only other, Chauncey M., being otherwise diverted just now, as you know.

This stranger modestly introduced himself as a "Caucasian, born in Edinburgh, County of Cork, England, with a name distinctly and deliciously Hibernian." He told stories ten thousand years old that were able to make his audience laugh themselves into fits. Apropos of the judges' task, he even ventured the old, old story of the boy, the man and the ass, all of whom took everybody's advice, to their final undoing. He told of the Boston lady (with just the slightest suggestion to the "Star-spangled Scotchman," as he named Carnegie,) who divided her library into male and female authors, and of his countryman's explanation that she didn't want it to multiply. He also scattered some aphorisms that were real nuggets of philosophy. "If money is not all, it takes a man with money to find it out." Speaking of the Horse Show, he said, "It gives human nature an opportunity to indulge its weakness," and recognizes "the fact that if it were not for the vanities of human life half the world would be out of employment."

So much for the speech, which in itself would have made this year's show remembered.

But the nineteenth Horse Show has made its own claim on posterity since then—in more senses than one, perhaps. Every day Madison Square Garden has been the theater of all that the wealth, luxury and refinement of this great rich nation can lavish on its women. And what more is there to say? Like all Horse Shows, there was very little horse, and a great deal of lady. That is to say, while a score or less horses were now and then ushered into the ring, and judges gathered around them in the most up-to-date pose of horse culture, and while the audience gave polite attention, heartily applauding all blue ribbons, it was simply a perfunctory acknowledgment of the reason d'être, the people having other and better employment in the intervals. Space forbids telling you who were there, and, moreover, one could not describe the gowns with any satisfaction, because this year experts were not allowed to tag the gowned and make notes as in former years. They tried to do so the first day, but the authorities intervened, at the request of the ladies, it is said, but I have not been able to find out which ladies, whether those who were followed or those who were not, which, perhaps, is, after all, not very relevant. Society has become sensitive in this and some other matters, one of them "staring." This year we were all limited to twenty-five minutes each box.

The interior arrangements of the vast auditorium were superb. There was the arena, with its brown acres of good earth brought in and dumped. Around this a continuous twenty-foot promenade, then the boxes containing New York's five hundred and four, flashing and scintillating there like stars on a frosty night. Banking the boxes the huge amphitheater, filled with the rich-enough-for-a-seat but not in reach of the grand tier. And above all the galleries, rising tier on tier to the brilliantly lighted dome ceiling, to any of which you might go on your admission ticket.

The scale on which everything was done made our show in the armory look very much like a "one" horse show indeed. Still, our horses are just as good if not so many, and our women—well, they will hold their own anywhere. Our only lack is that we have not a population in the millions and financiers of Shipyard Trust capacity. During recesses the restaurants have been the meeting places of smart people, for nobody who is anybody thinks of luncheon or dining home in Horse Show week. Sherry's, Delmonico's and Waldorf have reaped their annual harvest, and some poor devils, I fear, who spent a week's salary to a lunch have gone into temporary retirement and light housekeeping for trying the pace of the millionaire. Such is life in New York.

There is at least one English writer who need not hope to be wind and dined by New York society—at any rate not the feminine portion of that society. When Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, from the splendid isolation of his island home, wrote so loftily of "American" women, he surely could not have seen the sensational results. He has made himself as popular here as Mr. Kipling did at one time with his "flanneled fools." And if dinner talk and women's club talk counts for anything, society has determined not to let Mr. Watson's charge pass as an unsentimental generation to a discussion of itself in such terms as "abnormal," "anarchical," "product of racial modification," and so on, is, to say the least, academic. And to conclude "that the 'American' husband works like a beast of burden beside his triumphant lady" is itself a rather "abnormal" view of an ideal of sex equality which this New World sees no reason to deny. And well, one can understand how such reflections must madden an Englishman while comfortably toasting his toes in slippers a devoted wife has brought him.

J. E. W.

The Reason.

Wife—When we go anywhere now we have to walk. When we were only engaged you always called a carriage.
Husband—That's why we have to walk now.

While Madame Was Paying Calls.

THE devil always finds work for idle hands; but Marie was not idle. On the contrary, she was busy, straightening Madame's room.

Madame had just gone out to pay calls, and Marie had seen the carriage turn the corner. Even if no one were at home, Madame would not return for two hours. Had not Marie seen the list of calls?

On the bed lay the new gown which Madame would wear this evening to the opera. It came soon after Madame drove off. What a triumph it was! a masterpiece of the modiste's art.

Madame would look well in it. Ah! but how would Marie look in it? Was not Marie an edition-de-luxe of Madame, an exquisite French counterpart? A glance in the cheval mirror told her that.

Marie would probably never have a chance of seeing herself in such a creation. No, even if she married, she could only have a cheap imitation of it. Her decision was made.

Suppose, at the last minute, there should be a bit of lace to be caught, a thread to be drawn, an eye or hook to be moved. Was it not Marie's duty to see that it was quite right? Marie's conscience was soothed.

Although the gown was Madame's by right of ownership, it was Marie's! Marie's by right of innate appreciation, an inborn love of the beautiful, which Madame could never feel. Marie's by right of the eternal fitness of things, the countless je ne sais quoi which French women possess, which Madame could never buy.

Yes, Marie's by justice, even for a few sweet moments. She would claim her own; the thing she loved most in all the world, of which her existence was the most barren. So thought Marie as she donned the frock.

And Madame? Was it not all the same to her? An endless succession of superb new gowns, dinners, dances, opportunities? They were all alike to Madame.

Marie stood before the mirror. How beautiful she looked! Such a gown; such a fit! How she adored it!

One drop of Madame's delicious violet on her lips, her finger tips (it would wash off before Madame's return); one breath of color on her chin, her cheeks; the shadow of a line at her eyes.

There! Madame or all the world might envy her. Marie was delicious; there was no Marie. No French maid about her, if you please. No, it was Madame herself, Madame dressing for dinner.

With noiseless steps on the heavy carpets, Madame had reached her door, pushed aside the portieres, and stood dumbfounded. Impossible! The incomparable Marie turned faithless? Madame could not believe her eyes.

But Marie was perfecting her make-up, and was rattling on in a jargon of French and broken English, as she pinnoetted and posed; or, with her chin resting in her hands, her elbows on the dressing-table, leaned forward and gazed at herself searchingly and admiringly.

She was addressing an imaginary Marie; commanding, railing, now angry, now appeased by a compliment from the mythical Marie.

Perhaps it was this perfect imitation; perhaps something else; that still small voice inside, which we call a conscience, that made Madame recognize herself, and for the instant seek shelter behind the portieres, intending each moment to burst upon her victim.

"Quick, Marie. Can you not see I am already late? Little fool, not that one, the new one. Idiot; my hair. There, let it alone. I'll do it myself. D—n it, Marie, what do I pay you for?"

Like a vision in an opera, Madame saw pass before her a copy of herself so perfect that it copied all of her; a new mirror, unlike her own flattering ones; a mirror which reflected not only the beautiful form of the white seculchre, but the inside as well; the whole truth; the side she knew, to be sure, but tried to forget, the hateful woman beneath it all.

"There, Marie, we are ready. Get my slippers, my wraps, fan. Hurry, child. Monsieur is waiting."

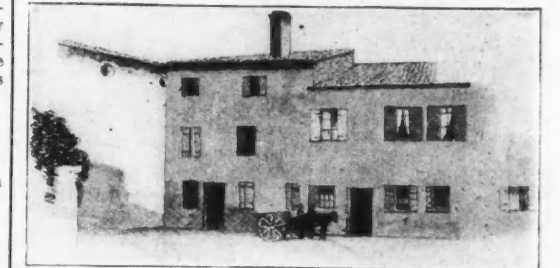
Madame loosened her tightening hold and the curtains fell together. With a sweeping grace, Marie, still enacting her role, strode toward the door where, grand and terrible in her furs and wraps, Madame stood.

Marie stopped, and her face became white with terror. The curtains—they had moved. Someone must be—She waited.

Not a sound. If caught she were, she would meet ruin face to face; like Samson, she would pull destruction down upon herself. She must act at once, or scream.

Like a tigress she sprang toward the door and snatched the curtains.

But no one was there—"Everybody's Magazine."



The Pope's birthplace at Riese, from the street.

A Ladies' Club.

MOVEMENT is on foot to found in Toronto a club for ladies, similar in character to the Empress Club of London, Eng. The objects of such a club would be:

1. To provide a convenient rendezvous for the ladies in the business section of the city.
2. To give facilities for ladies to meet for the furtherance of social or business objects of general interest.
3. To promote an interest in public questions, and to encourage literature, music and art. In this connection it is proposed to invite prominent persons to give addresses from time to time on topics of interest.

The club is designed to include a considerable list of non-resident members, as it is thought it would be a great convenience to ladies visiting Toronto. It is proposed that ladies and gentlemen be admitted as guests of members under regulations to be determined upon. This club would include luncheon and dining-rooms where meals will be served at special rates for members; writing-room, with club paper, etc.; provided; reading-room, containing the latest periodicals; reception-room, card-room, and music-room; private dining-rooms, and the use of large reception-rooms when necessary. The equipment of the club will also include the services of an experienced hairdresser, manicurist, masseuse and lady's maid. With a view to founding the club without a large expenditure of capital, the directors and manager of the King Edward Hotel have been asked whether it would be possible to procure suitable accommodation in the hotel building. As a result, the manager of the hotel has made to the proposed club a very satisfactory proposition. There are available in the south-west corner of the first floor of the hotel eight excellent rooms, handsomely furnished. These rooms can be shut off from the rest of the hotel, and are accessible from the ladies' elevator immediately adjoining the Victoria street entrance. The manager offers the exclusive use of these rooms completely furnished at a reasonable rental to include all the service required by the club, with special maids, waiters, etc. The club would therefore have the advantage of the hotel cuisine, together with special attendance, without any capital investment whatever, as the offer of the hotel includes cutlery, plate, glass, linen, and all other necessities. The refusal of certain bed-rooms with bath-rooms connected with the club-rooms by a private staircase, is included in the above offer. These rooms may be secured by out-of-town members at special club rates. It will be necessary to have three hundred members at twenty dollars a year, to provide for current expenses. It is proposed in addition to charge an entrance fee of ten dollars. Out-of-town members' fee will be one-half of resident members' fees. A meeting of all ladies interested in this project will be held in the banquet hall of the King Edward Hotel at three o'clock on Saturday, December 12th, 1903. The acting secretary, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, 40 Cluny avenue, will be glad to receive names of any ladies who are interested in the formation of the club but who may be unable to be present at the meeting; also any suggestions which may be offered before the meeting.

A Christmas Courtship.

It was three days before Christmas. So much in love was Van Story that, as he walked up the avenue, this fact did not have the same emphasis that it might have had under different circumstances.

The cool, buoyant air—with a certain crispness about it that the ocean allows even to the metropolis on occasional winter afternoons—might have been hot and sultry and the fact would not have mattered to Van Story.

To a man in love, summer and winter, spring and autumn, lose their variety. Her last look—the radiant, responsive smile—the slight pressure of the hand—a hidden language of the voice—what are seasons, wars, politics, earthquakes, or any other paltry human interests, compared with these?

And yet there was a certain seasonableness in Van Story's thoughts as he walked deliberately along—deliberately, and not with the impatience that love manifests usually, because he knew that on this particular afternoon Miss Pinkton was not alone. "Is she ever alone?" he had thought to himself gloomily, when he had started out. "I can't talk to her on a walk with people all around, staring at us, and this is about the only chance I have. O for half a day of last summer! Thirty minutes in that pavilion would be all I ask for. But what shall I give her for Christmas? Flowers and books are tame, and yet anything more—"

While he was engaged in his reflections, he suddenly came across his old cousin Castleton, who was, by the way, Miss Pinkton's cousin. "Ah, old man, whither away? But I think I can guess—"

"Well, Dorothy is at home, and surrounded by all sorts and conditions of men. I've just come from there. And, by the way, you're wanted."

"Wanted where?—at Miss Pinkton's?" said Van Story—

as if he didn't know.

"Sure," said Castleton. "There's going to be a church trimming to-morrow night, and Dorothy has agreed to take charge of it. She wants you to help—she told me to tell you if I saw you."

"Who else is going to be there?"

Castleton took his friend by the arm, and for a moment they both turned and looked over the solid iron palings down on the snow-garnished little grass-plot in front of the brown stone dwelling house as if, for one instant, they had mutually agreed to turn their backs on the world.

"Old man," he said, affectionately, "I've been thinking about you all the way from Dorothy's, and hoping I should meet you. I suppose if you really could see Dorothy alone for an hour or so, you'd like it, wouldn't you?"

Van Story looked at his friend solemnly.

"You know how I feel about that girl, of course," he said, "but this beastly town always stands in my way."

"I know it. I've been in the same boat myself—simply can't see her alone. People all around—at the theater, in restaurants, and at home brothers and parents and others always dropping in. Oh, I've been there. But Dorothy's worth having. Dorothy's all right. I take a personal interest, you know, because I've known you both so long, and it just occurred to me that this church-trimming affair might give you an opening."

"I don't see how," replied Van Story. "There'll be a lot of church duffers there, will there not? The superintendent of the Sunday school, and the teacher of the young men's Bible class, and so on."

"Well, you can get her off in a corner, can't you—or get rid of the rest of them in some way? Tell them it's postponed—there's your chance, old man. Christmas comes but once a year—make the most of it."

Van Story turned and grasped his friend's hand. "There may be something in it, old chap," he said. "At any rate, I thank you. And now I must be off."

Van Story, when he arrived at the Pinkton mansion, was agreeably surprised to find that the crowd had diminished—there had been an afternoon tea, and this was the tail end of it.

"It was very good of you to come, even if you are late," she said. "You don't do this sort of thing very often, do you?"

"Not any oftener"—Van Story was going to add, "than I can help," but stopped himself for an instant. Then he thought it better to be strictly honest and so he added—"than I can help. I hate this sort of thing," he continued, looking her frankly in her blue eyes, "because, you know, it's so unsatisfactory."

"Sir!" she pouted back, "do you mean to say that my tea is unsatisfactory?"

"No, no," he said, "I mean, I mean," he added, "he lowered his voice, although this was hardly necessary, as three women on their right—the left-overs—were discussing the opera."

"I shall never be able to see you alone," he said.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, haven't I been trying to for weeks?"

She smiled.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. By the way, will you help us trim the church to-morrow night?"

"That's manual labor."

"I know it, and that's what I want you for. If you don't like teas, you surely will enjoy trimming a church. That will give you something to do. I know you are strong, because you used to play football, and besides, you look strong."

"Do I—really? So does a hired man."

She pouted again.

"Now I intended that for a compliment, and it was horrid of you to turn it the other way. But you will come, will you not? You know the church—the large old-fashioned brick that sets off the avenue. The sexton will have the ladder, and the greens have all been ordered."

Van Story smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Who's going to be there?" he asked.

"Let me see. They've placed me in charge of the affair, you know, because I really felt I ought to do something this year, and there will be four others to help—the superintendent, Mr. Pumpkin; the infants' Bible class teacher, Mr. Huddle; the assistant organist, Mr. Winger, and Vestryman Springer—that makes six in all, doesn't it—counting us in?"

Van Story arose.

"That's four too many," he said, as he held her hand. "Don't you think so?"

She flushed slightly.

"Yes," she said, softly. "But—you'll be there, won't you? Surely?"

"I'll be there," he replied. "To-morrow night at eight."

As he walked back down the avenue, Van Story almost shouted to himself in the exuberance of his new thought. Here at last was his opportunity, after so much waiting—after the long days spent in hoping against hope that the next time he might stand face to face with this beautiful girl and tell her how much he loved her—here, at last, was his chance. He hastily repeated over the names of the church-trimming party that he might not forget them. He would go to the sexton, find their addresses, and the rest was easy.

That individual was at his home, reading the afternoon paper, when he put down apologetically as Van Story entered. "I am from Miss Pinkton, about trimming the church to-morrow night. Have the greens been ordered?"

"Yes, sir; they will be delivered to-morrow."

"And the church will be open?"

"Yes, sir; I will open the side chancel door at 7.30."

"Good. And now will you be so kind as to give me the names and addresses of Mr. Pumpkin, Mr. Huddle, Mr. Winger and Mr. Springer?"

The sexton called them out from his record-book, and Van Story, armed with the precious paper, hurried off to the nearest hotel typewriter.

"I want this dictated on plain paper," he said to that imperturbable young lady, and he gave the following brief business note:

"Dear Sir,—Owing to an unexpected and important engagement of the head of the Trimming Committee I am requested by Miss Pinkton to say that the trimming of the church, which was to have taken place to-morrow night, is postponed. You will therefore please not attend to-morrow night, but come on the night following."

Yours truly,
"W. A. Van Story."

"I want that letter to be sent to each of these four addresses," he said, "at once," and as he hurried over to his jeweler he exclaimed gleefully to himself, "At last!"

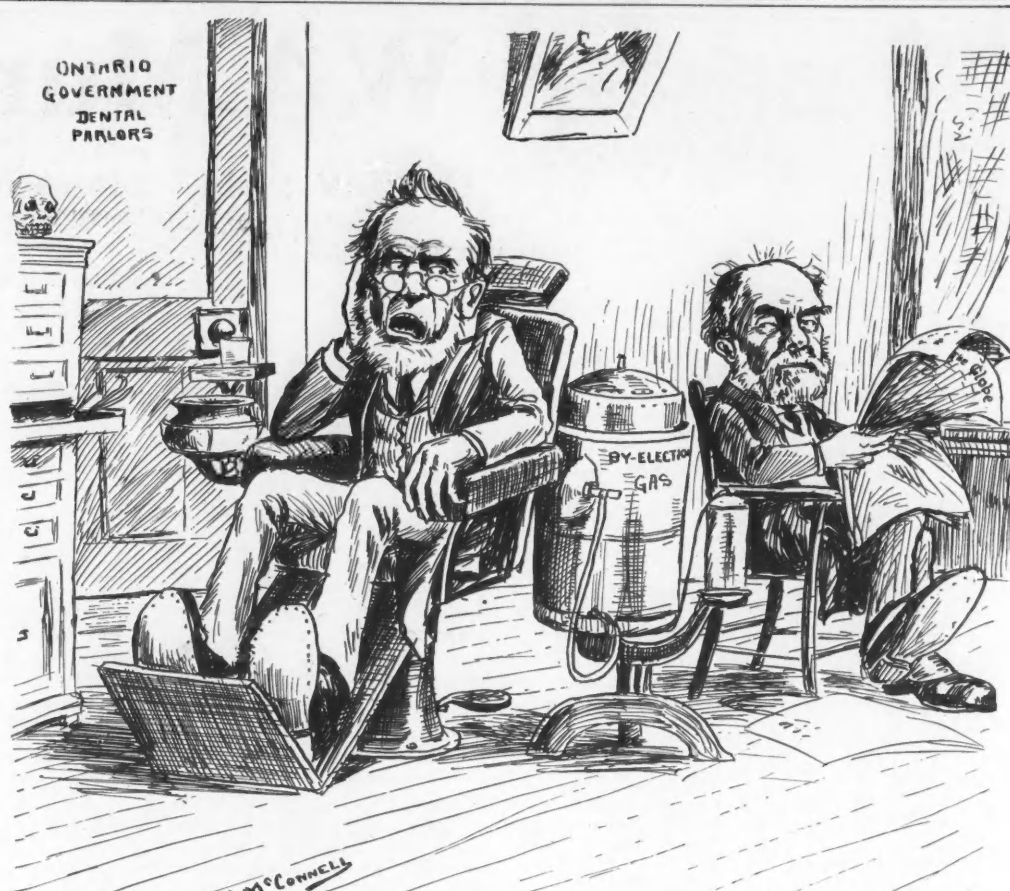
The next evening, they walked over to the church together.

"We must be early," she said, as she sat down on the steps leading up to the altar. The pulpit, tall and grim and stately, towered above her shapely head almost like a benediction. Far above them, the lights in the chandelier gleamed fitfully.

Surely, could there be a better place to love and be loved than in the sacred sanctuary set within the beating heart of the sordid world and yet so far removed from it? And as she looked up at him, instinctively she felt that in such a place his words must ring true, and that she might trust him.

He took her hand.

"Dorothy," he said, "I couldn't have told you how much I



A LONG TREATMENT.

Patient Old Man Ontario—So you intend filling this North Renfrew cavity on the twenty-sixth?
Dentist G. W. Ross—Yes, the nerve should be killed by that time, but it will take a big gold filling.

loved you before. I wanted your answer all to myself. Somehow, the sea of city life seemed to shut out the sound of my voice. I longed for a quiet country lane, or the great silent ocean. But I could not wait. And here at last we are safe."

He put his arm around her. "Do you love me?" he said. Her head dropped silently down on his shoulder.

And then followed that blissful moment, a moment that stands out in one's life forever after—the moment of life, when love's dream is realized, and to these two it was as if the chorus of unseen saints was chanting their happiness.

Suddenly she raised her head. There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I have forgotten something," she said.

"No, I haven't," he replied triumphantly, misunderstanding her. "I have it here."

He produced a tiny object that glittered in the dim light and sent out tiny shafts of lambent fire.

"Your Christmas present," he said. "Two days ahead, but none the less real. I didn't know what to give you, until I thought of this."

He slipped it on her finger.

"It is beautiful," she said at last, "beautiful."

There was a moment of silence, interrupted by a sound like the chirping of joyful birds.

Then she spoke again.

"When I said you had forgotten something," she said, "the twinkle coming back to her eyes, 'I wasn't thinking of this.'"

She held up the ring admiringly. "I was thinking of the others—why, they may be here any minute."

Van Story caught her hand in his once more.

"No," he said, smiling. "You see, dear, it was my only chance. I just had to do it."

He wrote them each a note, you know, that this thing was postponed until to-morrow night, on account of an important engagement. You didn't mind, did you? It was the truth, wasn't it? I wanted to be alone with you. It was our only chance. Don't you see it was?"

She dropped her hands by her side suddenly. The color left her face and then came back again.

"You did that?" she said. "How could you? How dreadful! Oh, why did you do it? What can I ever say to them? You wrote and told them not to come to-night—did you do that?"

He caught her hands again in his.

Above, the stately old church bells in the spire chimed out the hour.

"Yes, dearest," he said, "I did it, and I'm glad of it. Nothing can ever make me sorry. I wrote the whole bunch of 'em not to come."

She raised her half-mourning, half-merry eyes to his.

"So did I," she said.

Sport and Statecraft.

THE great men of Canada are sadly out of it when the game is sport, not politics. Roosevelt takes his little gun and goes after Johnny Bear in a strenuous way that should wound Mr. Seton whose surname was once Thompson. Grover Cleveland, the best and biggest figure in the Democrat outfit, is given to ducks and the ticklish trout. Balfour is fonder of the links than of law-making, and every-one knows how shocked good people were when Rosebery's Ladas won the Derby. There is an exception—a notable one. In spite of Joseph Chamberlain's fox looks, he cares for no sport save the hunting of orchids or the baiting of Morley and Campbell-Bannerman. It is up to our Cabinet Ministers to take the field and show the young Canadian how to shoot. Sir Richard Cartwright may not care for anything so violent as Rugby, but a rising young statesman like Hon. Clifford Sifton owes it to his juvenile countrymen to set the pace. J. Israel Tarte has a neat way of turning somersaults, but his field is limited.

The Province of Ontario has a few politicians who are sportsmen in their hours of ease. With grief we admit that Colonel J. M. Gibson and Major Hendrie are from the town of Hamilton, the home of the sturdy mountaineer. Mr. J. W. St. John and James Connec, Esquire, gave promise of startling things in pugilism when before the Public Accounts Committee, but became strangely amiable in the corridors. Even yet, if the frail gentleman from West York murmurs "timber," the member for Port Arthur responds, "That's the limit."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. G. W. Ross can be backed against any Yankee or English orator; but when it comes to golf and horse-racing, Canada has a lack of confidence in her Cabinets. The gentlemen of the House of Commons must drop the frivolity of toying with barnacles and settle down to the stern business of playing ball. Even ping-pong may have charms to rouse the political breast, and nothing could be more pleasant than a friendly little game between—shall we say Dr. Beattie Nesbitt and the worthy editor of the "Globe?"

CANADIANE.

Rosedale.

A placid river winds about its base;
A grassy pathway rambles to its crown.
Where Autumn's purple branches interlace,
And cast a gentle flickering shadow down.

The distant woods are robed in colors rare,
And tuned to many a song of vanished bird;
The last of all wild snowdrops blossom there,
And there the scolding blue jay's song is heard.

And up and down the gentle slope of grass,
The sky-borne breezes wander in a dream,
Celestial footsteps printing as they pass
A faded flower—a ripple on the stream.

WELLINGTON MACKENZIE.

He Tumbled.

A HOUSE has to fall on some men before they tumble. But this was a blushing, hesitating maiden of nineteen at her first dance, who knocked this particular man into a heap.

He was one of those young old boys whose journey through nearly half a century of life had been such a leisurely glide that he never noticed the milestones. And this is how, during a sitting-out dance in the Nile room, that he ran into a whole heap of them—and realized.

His contemporaries had been sidetracked into matrimony or drink so unobtrusively, and the younger generation had crept up to him so gently that he didn't understand that Time in the customary manner had flown, and in flying had ruthlessly employed his scythe on the crown of his head. He still presented bouquets and bon-bons and procured seats for first nights, and was altogether "an old dear" to several young ladies who hadn't got over a lingering love for chocolate creams and an air of consequence because their hair was "up."

The other night at the Charity Ball he realized—and it may be there is just a little bit of pathos in it, possibly as much as usually goes with claret cup and ladies' fingers in the Nile room. When a man is something in the banking way—a broker, an assistant accountant in a chartered bank, a deputy manager of a department in the Government, or a railway or an insurance or a loan company, that kind of thing is agent for *nothing* except for something that kind of thing is perennially young. A regular income has such a softening influence on time as well as on other things. But after a two-step and a waltz danced as young ladies at the beginning of their dancing lives do dance, he suggested refreshments, and the young lady, with the healthy appetite of a French-Canadian pony, gurgled as young ladies do gurgles. "Oh, how lovely!" He smiled that smile that only a man with \$3,000 a year can acquire, and murmured, in the fat, self-satisfied manner that only twenty years of prosperity can give, to a friend in the corridor en route to the Nile room, "Deuced nice little thing, eh?"

She was, and listened for two dances so anxiously to every word he droningly whispered that he grew daring. He told her lots of things about the world she was entering, things that made her blue eyes open wide, things that were probably all right if she were five years older, but things he wouldn't have said if her mother was sitting vis-a-vis. He had been a "gay dog" in his day, he confessed, and he talked of his old love affairs. When a man begins referring to his conquests in the world of women his friends should keep an eye on him. He babbled on, intoxicated by the "Oh, Mr. what a dreadful man you are!" sort of interruptions, and then he grew explicit.

She reminded him of very much of a girl he knew. Hadn't seen her for quite a time. Jolly little thing. Bright as anything. Then he went on. She was the brightest little woman he had ever met. Awfully kind to him. "But, you know, by Jove, I saw it was impossible; simply had to drop it." There was no man there to kick him and it was the girl's first dance. Then she asked who was the girl who looked so much like her. And she persisted, and the old scamp told the name of the woman with whom he had had a boy and girl flirtation nearly a quarter of a century before, and the girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes glistened. "Why, that was mamma's name before she was married."

And the old beau realized as the snowflakes fell on his head and shoulders as he walked home alone half an hour afterwards that time wasn't regulated by incomes. He tumbled.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

A Paradox.

When modest woman drops her eyes,
Or fixes them with vacant air,
To greet anon, in mock surprise,
The tribute of our artless stare.

It's then I love the winsome thing,
Whose pleasant lies make truth more dear.
Or truth that for truth's sake doth fling
The lie she's truth enough to fear.

J. F. WEBBER.

Romance and the Postman.

(Myrtle Reed talks about letters in the "Critic.")

BACK in a dim, dream-haunted childhood, the first letter came to us. It was "a really, truly letter," properly stamped and addressed, and duly delivered by the postman. With what wonder the chubby fingers broke the seal! It did not matter that there was an enclosure to one's mother, and that the thing itself was written by an adoring relative; it was a personal letter, of private and particular importance, and that day the postman assumed his rightful place in one's affairs.

In the treasure-box of many a grandmother is hidden a pathetic scrawl that the baby made for her and called "a letter." To the alien eye it is a mere tangle of pencil-marks, and the baby himself, grown to manhood, with children of his own, would laugh at the yellowed message which is put away with his christening robe and his first shoes, but to one, at least, it speaks with a deathless voice.

It is written in books and papers that some unhappy mortals are swamped with mail. As a lady recently wrote to President Roosevelt: "I suppose you get so many letters that when you see the postman coming down the street you don't care whether he has anything for you or not."

The progress of the postman is akin to a Roman triumph, for in his leather pack lies Fate. Long experience has given him a sixth sense, as if the letters breathed a hint of their contents through their superscriptions. The business letter, crisp and to the point, has an atmosphere of its own, even where cross-lines of typewriting do not show through the

envelope. The long, rambling, friendly letter is distinctive, and if it has been carried in a pocket a long time before mailing, the postman knows that the writer is a married woman with a foolish trust in her husband.

Love letters are seemingly immortal. The clay tablet on which one of the Pharaohs wrote, asking for the heart and hand of a beautiful foreign princess, is now in the British Museum. Suppose the postman had not been sure-footed and all the clay letters had been smashed to atoms in a single grand catastrophe! What a stir in high places, what havoc in Church and State, and how many fond hearts broken, if the postman had fallen down!

Every attic counts old love letters among its treasures, and when the rain beats on the roof and grey swirls of water are blown against the pane, one may sit among old trunks and boxes and bring to light the loves of days gone by.

The little haircloth trunk, with its rusty lock and broken hinges, brings to mind a rosy-cheeked girl in a poke bonnet, who went a-visiting in the stage-coach. Inside is the bonnet itself—white, with a gorgeous trimming of pink "lutestrung" ribbon, which has faded into ashes of roses at the touch of the kindly years.

In a flash the world is forgotten, and into the attic come dear faces from that distant land of childhood, where a strange enchantment glorified the commonplace and made the dreams of night seem real. Footsteps that have long been silent are heard upon the attic floor, and voices, hushed for years, whisper from the shadows at the other end of the room.

A moonbeam creeps into the attic and transfigures the haunted chamber with a sheen of silver mist. From the spinning-wheel comes a soft hum and a delicate whirr; then a long-lost voice breathes the first notes of an old, old song. The melody changes to a minuet and the lady in the portrait moves, smiling, from the tarnished gilt frame that surrounds her—then a childish voice says: "Mother, are you asleep?"

Down the street the postman passes, bearing his burden of joy and pain. Letters from far-off islands, where the Stars and Stripes gleam against a forest of palms; from the snow-bound fastness of the north, where men are searching for gold; from rose-scented valleys and violet fields, where the sun forever shines, and from lands across the sea, where men speak an alien tongue—single messages, from one to another.

Letters that plead for pardon cross the paths of those that are meant to stab; letters written in jest find grim earnest at the end of their journey, and letters written in all tenderness meet misunderstanding and pain, when the postman brings them home.

Letters that deal with affairs of state and shape the destiny of a nation; tidings of happiness and sorrow, birth and death, love and trust, and the thousand pangs of trust betrayed; an hundred joys and as many griefs, are all in the postman's hands.

No wonder, then, that there is a stir in the house, that eyes brighten, hearts beat quickly, and eager steps hasten to the door of destiny, when the postman rings the bell!

In Their Element.

A burly old skipper and his scarcely less burly mate, feeling hungry on coming on shore, went into a restaurant at Southampton and ordered a "table dotty" dinner. The waiter, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of thin, watery-looking liquid before each of them.

"Hi, me lad, wot's this?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup!" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup! Bill! (turning to the mate) 'just think of that. 'Ere's you and me been sailing on soup or our lives and never knowed it till now.'"

—The "Inglenook."

Trumped!



Mopes—Ah! she's played the deuce with my heart!
Brown—I expect you played the knave first!

Confetti.

"Different people," observed the "American" husband, "wear the ring of subjection in different places—the German on his finger, the bull in his nose, the 'American' in his voice."

"While the Englishman, I am told," broke in Jessica, "puts it in his wife's name."—"The Pensionnaires."

Let your light so shine before men that they cannot see what's going on behind it.—"Smart Set."

People are so like sheep. They need someone to direct them. They do not see the ass's skin, only the mantle of the prophet.—"The Hundredth Night."

Sleep is to tired eyes, not to silken coverlets. We dream in Seven Dials as in Park Lane.—"Tea Table Talk."

If a wife is allowed to boil at all she will always boil over.—"The Gentle Art of Cooking Wives."

This making of gods in one's own image is not a new idea in the history of religions.—"The Pensionnaires."

Anyone hoping to do something in the Rescue Line had better go further than next door.—"Fables in Slang."

He laughs best who laughs in his sleeve.—"Canadienne."

All I want is fifty million dollars.
A champagne fountain sprinkling at my feet,
Pierpont Morgan waiting on the table,
And Sousa's band a-playing while I eat.

—"Smart Set."

A going clock may be always wrong, but a stopped clock is right twice a day.—"My Friend Prospero."

I like logic; you can prove anything you want to by it.—"The Black Shilling."

He saw her hand, inert and relaxed, but of a shapeliness that called something to life at the seat of those emotions whose language is the caress.—"The Pensionnaires."

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.—Selected.

All that the hands can fashion must come to ruin; but the dream-palaces of the soul and the visions that people them—they are indestructible.—"The Black Shilling."

Put a touch of spring in the air, the thought of a woman in the heart, and keep from poetry if you can.—"The Silver Poppy."

An enlivened imagination loves to toy with the past of its possessor.—"The Pensionnaires."

"Just you stick to God, an' if you hear anything about Him that wouldn't be kind an' decent in a human, don't you believe it."—Steve in "The Country Boy."

He might confess a crime, but never an absurdity.—"The Pensionnaires."

Women do not attack men's wills. They throw spells over their judgment and feeling.—"The Black Shilling."

No man is a hero to his laundress.—"Town Topics."

A Sudden Departure.

Prison Chaplain—My good man, I can see you are of a good family.

379—Yes, I have visited the best families in the country.

"Then, what was the cause of your fall?"

"I was caught coming out."



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Anecdotal.

During a recent conversation between District Attorney Jerome and several members of the New York bar reference was had to the sharp practices of a certain notoriously shifty politician of the city. "Certainly he is never at a loss," said Mr. Jerome. "Do you know, I really believe that if that man were cast on a barren rock in mid-ocean he would make money. If there were another man on the rock."

The late Thomas B. Reed's portrait was painted by Sargent during the last year of his services in Congress. When it was brought to him he looked at it critically. He noted the protruding lips, the faithful reproduction of his florid complexion, of his flabby cheeks, of his ponderous neck. His eyes narrowed between the lids, and there came a cold glint in them. Then, pursing his lips as was his wont, he is said to have remarked: "I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

Congressman Frank C. Wachter says that once, when a party of candidates were touring the State of Maryland, they stopped at the home of a farmer in one of the counties and found him not one of them. They, however, saw his wife, and one of the candidates said to her: "Madam, is your husband a Democrat or a Republican?" "Well," she replied, "I'll tell you about him. He goes about a good deal, and when he is with Democrats he is a Democrat; when he is with Republicans he is a Republican; but when he is around here he is a damned nuisance."

Richard Mansfield has, like many other men, a host of enemies. One of these is "Beaucaire," and the other is "Beaucaire," the latter, peered at him from the wings of a Cleveland theater, scornful at first, but gradually less scornful. And, as the act went on, the carpenter, though he hated the actor, became more and more absorbed. He stood silent and rigid. He watched every gesture, he observed every intonation, of the star. And finally, when the curtain fell, he exclaimed, with flushed cheeks and a little tremor in his voice: "D— him, that man could act a gridiron!"

Mr. Choate, the ambassador of the United States at London, tells a story of a scuffling-match that took place between an Englishman, a student of Oxford, and an Irishman, a student of Cambridge. The British won handsily. At no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado, he had stopped two or three times in his course, and had bade the Irishman in the rear "to hurry up." After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff, in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if I had had the long legs that he took I could have beaten him easily."

Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who has given \$300,000 to Columbia University, was president of the class of '93. One of his classmates said the other day that Mr. Dodge had been a capable and conscientious student. "I remember, though," he went on, "a day when we had a singularly hard recitation in geometry. Before a certain difficult proposition student after student was stumped. The instructor said to each of them in turn: 'Very poor, indeed, sir. Come and see me at the end of the hour.' Finally this very difficult proposition reached young Dodge. He rose, bowed to the instructor and said gravely: 'I will come and see you, sir, at the end of the hour.'"

When Sir Henry Irving was staying lately at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, a small boy, about six years old, son of Mr. William Mollison, a well-known member of Sir Henry's company, strayed into his rooms one afternoon. Invited to make himself at home, and take some refreshment, he consumed a pear and a bottle of lemonade with apparent satisfaction. Then gazing steadfastly at his host, he said, "I do miss Phil May." "So do we all," said Sir Henry, gravely. "Yes, but I miss him most," pursued the child. "He was my chum." "Ah! that makes it very hard," said Sir Henry. There was a long pause, and then the little fellow asked very earnestly, "Will you be my chum now?" So they swore eternal friendship on the altar of Phil May's memory.

A bookseller tells a story which admirably illustrates the tact and humor of the late Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer in books and manuscripts. The New York man visited Quaritch's shop for the purpose of obtaining a number of valuable scientific works. After making his selection, he stepped up to Mr. Quaritch and asked the price. As Mr. Quaritch began to quote the figures the American interrupted him, saying: "But I am a dealer myself. What are the trade prices?" "Oh," replied the famous booksman, "I thought you were a gentleman." The American was taken aback for a moment, but only for a mo-

ment, for Mr. Quaritch held out his hand and said, smilingly: "But I am delighted to find that you are not only a gentleman, but a dealer as well. The trade discount is one-third off."

There is, or used to be, on the ceiling of the Cafe de la Paix, in the Palais Royal of Paris, a peaceful swallow, which was due to the great painter of battle pictures, Horace Vernet. Dining one day at the cafe in question, Vernet had fired off a bottle of champagne in so reckless a manner that the cork struck the ceiling and marked it in only too perceptible a manner. Unwilling to incur the reproaches of the proprietor of the cafe, the great artist expressed his regret, and offered to make good the damage he had done by painting out the mark. Such a proposition was not likely to be refused. Ladders were brought in; Horace Vernet sent to his atelier for the necessary colors, and in a very few minutes the ceiling of the Cafe de la Paix, instead of being defaced by the mark of a champagne-cork, was decorated with the life-like representation of a swallow on the wing.

Not long ago, W. S. Gilbert, the English humorist, was so unfortunate as to lose his umbrella while dining at the well-known Carlton Club in London, of which he has long been a member. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused the following notice of his loss to be posted in the cloak-room: "The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it (the umbrella) with the clerk of this club." When a friend remonstrated with Mr. Gilbert, saying that he thought it was a gratuitous affront, and asked why Mr. Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella, the witty Gilbert exclaimed: "Oh! according to the first article of the club's rules, its membership is composed of noblemen and gentlemen." And since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."

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At Waking.

"When I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawn in another world than this,
What will I find for all my miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane."

"Will not my soul remember evermore
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door?
The feelings that the scented wind-blows bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?"

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Great Work in New Brunswick.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Made F. W. Harris a Well Man.

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Did She Know?

Fond Father (showing off his off-springs intelligence).—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat? Elsie.—Dunno. Fond Father.—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when everyone's in bed? Elsie (promptly).—Papa.—New York "Times."

Wife.—Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps. Husband.—And after? Wife.—By the clothes his wife wears.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THE curious ways of bookwriters often offer a subject of interest to the observer, and one cannot help wondering at their willingness to follow a good lead. Just now they are hauling in the Civil War by the hair in many of the new books. Even in that charmingly begun story, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," which promised to be original, the inevitable happens, and we are treated to a series of more or less mixed up scenes in the war of the early sixties. I have just laid aside this book, after striking the section aforesaid, and as I some time ago revolted against heroes who got mixed up in the small scrappy revolutions in Eastern Europe and old hussies who spoke in bad spelling and worse grammar of the David Harum School, and persons who drew trusty swords and cried "I faith" and "sdeath," so I now refuse to follow Northern or Southern fratricides. It was quite bad enough to live through the horrors of that war, even one year of it, to mention one all one's days. By the way, the book I mentioned has such strong local coloring, and Kentucky is so full of interest as a State, that I can safely recommend this story of the little shepherd to your consideration.

A very old lady was talking to me the other day, and this is one of the things she said: "All my life long, my dear, (and I'm just four score) I've had just one ambition, to write a book. Now, I've heard that ambition confessed to a good many times, but I don't think I ever met a frank avowal of the sort from a person over thirty, so it was piquant to hear the ruling passion for scribbling speak in the voice of a great-grandmother. "And what would it be about?" I asked. "Just about us," she said quaintly. "And how it is best to be true and honest and unselfish and very hopeful. And how laughing comes cheaper than crying, and whistling than whining. And there would be love in it, that is neither greedy nor base, and the people would fall and get up again; and, above all things, would find out that no one is too secure to be mistaken. There would be lots of finding that useful things out, and there would be always a bit of rest and quiet and peace possible in my book. And I'd have pictures in it, of the loveliest faces and the strongest women and men, and some children, and a wise dog or two and a horse or two. Eh? It would be a book; wouldn't it? And I, being over-come, meekly assented."

If ever I wrote a book (and as I hear the four score I am getting as foolish as the other old lady) I fancy there will be just one man in it worth thinking about. There will be work and waiting and desperate risk and heart-breaking failure and strength and wisdom and courage; and, when the story is done, there will be, as an afterthought, such a little joy and interest. But the lighting and waiting and planning means an enthralling fascination for me, and the rest is a mere trifle.

And far between, for the man will be a lonely man, whose feet have never had time to tread the rosy ways of dalliance, no matter how his soul may have yearned to do so. And from the crucible which I shall construct for him he will come forth a man indeed, whom his greatest inspiration will acknowledge as worthy. Will there be no woman in that book? Fear not; for women are as big a conundrum to me as ever, and I haven't yet met one who would be in every way worthy to stand beside the man in my book. There will be women, but not one woman; for women are useful things and kind things and pure, sweet things, and the man would not grow perfect without them. And they will glory in that man, neither jealous nor another nor daring to put a special claim on him, content to be inspired by his spirit and believing always in his tenderness and comprehension, knowing that now and then he looks at them gently and with respect, but without the rude hunger of lesser men. Isn't it a foolish book that I dream about? But, wise or foolish, it sings through my dreams, and now and then, here and there, I get a little glimpse of the man I want, just one glance of his strong, true, noble nature in some man, whom perhaps others don't recognize as in the least distinguished. And I bow to that glimpse, and of those who have given it to me are my best beloved and closest friends.

"Every Irishman is a monk at heart," quoted a girl with a lightning glance at an ardent admirer. And he, by one instant's hesitation before crying out in denial, confessed the truth of her quotation. "B-r-r-r-h" snorted the old major hoisterously. "I heard that in the Franco-German war, sir; and do you know what I said, sir? 'Every Irishman may be a monk, but every Frenchman is a monkey, sir!'" The major was in the Prussian army.

The fashion prevailing during the past few years of evolving some original and unique design for Christmas cards is just now exercising the brains of some of our ambitious women, men seldom taking the thought and trouble to assert themselves and please their friends in this particular manner. To invent a Christmas card is a task of no small importance, and one which should be taken seriously, and personally interesting is not a half-holiday job, as you will find out when you give it a trial, and many a one sets out bravely to astonish his friends and comes in weakly before difficulty, expense and trouble. The very best Christmas card is a little note, but that is only possible for one's familiar friends. The next best is something which contains your own autograph and sentiment. People who are oblivious to the fine significance of things send beautifully printed sentiments and names, which may be in the gold of gold or the reddest of red, but are tawdry beside some such simple legend as "your friend" or "with my love," written and signed by the sender. No one ever warmed their hearts at a printed message, though the same words traced by some manly, dainty, or

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trembling hand can awake quite a wonderful rise in temperature.

A wonderfully pretty little yarn for boys' Christmas reading is Stewart Edward White's story of the Magic Forest. Lie away the sleep-walking little boy steps off the transcontinental train and awakes in the wilds of the great Northwest in a night-shirt, knickers and bed slippers is only a prelude to the wonderful story of the way he finds friends and the way he gets back into Lower 7 berth some months later is just too cute for anything. I am sending the story to a wise little matter-of-fact girl in Cambridge, and no doubt she'll receive the impression that travel has its excitements in "this Canada of ours." One of the illustrations of this story shows the little boy grasping for the North Pole, from which floats the "grilliron" of the neighboring republic. Well, I only hope Captain Bernier won't catch sight of that picture. I can fancy him, if his eye rested upon it, even in a magic tale of night-havens but not at all ordinary adventures. In spite of the suggested annexation of the North Pole by the grabbers, I think the book should be a Christmas gift to many a small boy (and even girl) hereabouts.

LADY GAY.

Message to the Old Folks.

Angus MacMillan Tells Them How his Stomach Troubles Vanished when he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many aged people to-day are having a hard time of it, and are suffering from indigestion, heartburn, and aches and depression they wrongly charge up to their weight of years, when, in fact, it is Dyspepsia that is troubling them. To these Angus MacMillan of Laggan, Glangarry County, Ont., sends the following message:

"I am over eighty years of age. I suffered with Dyspepsia for more than twenty years back, and never met with anything to cure me till I commenced using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After taking them for two days all pain and sickness left me entirely. I continued taking them and was soon feeling like a new man."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure the stomach troubles of old and young alike. A few of them carried in your pocket and one or two taken after eating is a safeguard against all forms of indigestion.



The above Coupon must accompany every correspondence to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Daisy.—You are really over-modest in self-estimation for your character is delightfully developed and must be that of a capable, sympathetic, enthusiastic and sweet-tempered woman. You love beauty, brightness and motion and are yourself likely not to lack any of the three. Imagination, resource and facility are shown, generosity, adaptability and good clear sequence of thought with some warmth of heart and careful, able grasp of details. You are quite discreet and cautious enough, but will not be likely to be reticent or reserved. You think a good deal of yourself, really, so I don't take a serious look at your protest of the type that would weary of delay, and so long as a thing were finished, not be too particular.

Stuttgart.—You'd be a pretty rattling sort of girl with that list. However, in these days of many women, one comes across it occasionally over a female signature. The dominating touch is very strong and the will buoyant, ambitious and constant; also the perception is unusually quick. Affection and love of life's good things show plainly, but writer will not be likely to come under sentimental influence easily, though very sensitive to physical and perhaps psychic changes and currents. A responsive mood is your usual one. Writer is careful and observant of appearances and likes things well set up and in correct form. There is some business capacity and an equable and admirable temperament. Candor, honesty and a touch of pride show in your lines. An attractive study.

Jasper.—Just got you, liddle. I am so glad you are finding things coming your way out there. "Tis a great country, and if I were a young man it would probably lure me out soon enough. I feel a certain

responsibility as you say I was the one to head you that way, but as it turns out well I shall not lose any sleep over it nor regret sending so nice a chap so far away.

Edward M. N.—I sent you the little screeds last week and hope they reached you. Indeed I well remember that Sunday tramp, and you will notice that I passed it over in the account because it was my personal friend and whom I went to see and I would not make "copy" of her. The picture stands before me. It is eminently satisfactory, and I shall always look at it with pleasure. Will write when time before Christmas.

Guy Fawkes.—No, "honey." I won't come, not to-day, for your glorious autumn picture of October 10 is blurring with falling snow, and winter is upon us. There's no saying what I'd have done that day if I'd opened your charming letter. Your birthday brings you under Scorpio, a strong water sign, and one full of inspiration and action when well developed. Your writing shows all the enterprise, and some of the elusive ways of the water child, and all your little loops to g's and y's are like the serpent's barbed tail. I can fancy him reduced rather than strong, and some personal pride and love of display is confessed in your capitals. You are particularly clever in your tastes and love things dainty and harmonious, have quite a poetic turn and a good sense of humor. There is trace of originality and self-complacency, and some of the elusive ways of the water child, and all your little loops to g's and y's are like the serpent's barbed tail. 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"The Feet of the Young Men."

THE Empire-Maker was sunk in a large cane chair, a map spread over his knees.

He looked up as a shadow came between him and the glare of sunshine outside the door. A tall young man, bronzed and boyish in appearance, who carried himself with a confident air, came in. He went up to the big man in the chair and gave him a letter, saying, "Mr. Mattison asked me to bring you this, sir, as I was riding over to-day; he says it's important. If you wish, I can take back an answer."

The Empire-Maker nodded. "Sit down," he said, fixing his prominent gray eyes on the newcomer, and then added abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I'm Jim Majendie; I'm one of the assistant surveyors on the Zembwa section of the railway."

"Good!" said the Empire-Maker, and turned his attention to the letter.

As he read, Majendie watched him with undisguised interest. The big head, with its wave of gray hair, the square jaw, the grim-looking mouth with its cynical downward droop, the massive solidity of the figure, the powerful, gnarled hands, all expressed a personality whose dominant note was force.

"I shall have to go back to Intana to-night," said the Empire-Maker, folding up the paper he held. "We'll ride over together, Majendie; there are one or two things I want to ask you about that Zembwa section."

It was characteristic that he did not pause to ask whether Majendie was prepared to go back with him.

There was, however, little doubt of that. The answer came eagerly, "I'll be ready, sir, when you are."

Some hours later the two were riding side by side over the wide, level, cool darkness around them, the glorious African stars blazing overhead.

The Empire-Maker was silent for the first few miles, his head sunk forward, his eyes fixed in an unseeing way ahead of him. There was no sound but the faint jingle of chain and bit, the rub of leather against leather.

Suddenly the Empire-Maker broke silence. "This is a good country," he said, making a gesture with his whip. "Big, too; plenty of room in it for those folks crammed up in England. Some day they'll find that out and come here in their thousands, instead of in scores as they do now. What made you come out to Africa?"

"Oh, the usual thing," laughed the boy, "the Rand. But I'd no luck, was very near stony broke, so I trekked up here and asked the company for work. I knew something about engineering and surveying, so they gave me a job on the railway. I'm getting on now."

"Like it?" asked his companion.

"Yes," said Majendie simply. "I do. One kind of feels," he added a little shamefacedly, "that it's good sort of work, that it means civilization and progress, and things like that, and—with a burst of enthusiasm—"I'm jolly glad it's English!"

"So am I," said the Empire-Maker. Majendie had drawn his horse closer, till now they were riding knee to knee.

"Of course," he went on, something in the magnetism of the big man beside him drawing the words from him, "of course we don't do much, only bits; it's you who do it, it's your show, and we're mighty glad it's your show."

"My dear boy," said the Empire-Maker, "many people might have had the idea. I was fortunate enough to have the money to carry it out. Ideas without money are unrealistic assets. The great thing when one's got an idea is to stick to it; if it's a good idea you'll get through with it somehow. One's friends don't always approve of one's actions, but the result is what we must think of."

A sudden realization of the lonely remoteness of the man, of the majesty of his devotion to his vast ideal of empire, came over Jim Majendie as he looked at the ungainly figure riding beside him. Like most young Englishmen with the stamp of the public school still on them, he was not over-imaginative. But for a moment of insight he saw Africa as this man was making it by the sheer force of his brain and will; slowly drawing together the dismembered States, in spite of opposition, in spite of one big blunder; extending the power of the flag to the very margin of the Great Lakes. It was a colossal vision, and at the same time came a rush of young admiration for the man who had done these things.

Once again the Empire-Maker was drawing the boy towards him, as he drew so many boys of his race, by a magnetism he was supremely unconscious of exercising. He was always slightly surprised when these keen young men manifested any special devotion towards himself. His ideas—yes—and his country, he understood devotion to those quite well. But he never guessed why these boys gave him such a grip when they got hold of it, and did such queer things for him as some of them did, because he never thought they had found out that under his grim exterior, under his shyness of showing personal emotion, was a heart at least as big as his ideas.

That they cared about him in this way moved him to an inarticulate gratitude, for deep in his childish heart he loved these boys who were fighting and farming and toiling in many ways all over the pioneer country as he would have loved sons of his own.

As they rode on, the night and the silence and the simple sincerity of the lad at his side loosened the Empire-Maker's tongue, and he talked freely, asking questions as to the progress of the railway and the telegraph—questions that showed his keen delight in action, in things done.

"Good, oh, very good," he said, when Majendie had given him an account of the laying of a particularly difficult section. "That's work for men, and I feel for anyone who has the feeling of adventure strong enough to come out of civilization and take his risks with us in this country." Then he added with that touch of the visionary which was so characteristic of him, "It's a great thing to have a continent before you—a continent to work in. The North has been my thought since I set foot in Africa."

This was the only talk, the only ride that Majendie ever had with the Empire-Maker. They had many long miles to go, and as the night wore on the late moon—that glorious African moon which does not make everything black and white as in England, but transmutates and purifies color—rose from behind the granite shoulder of a kopie. The bare

Special Xmas Offer TO YOU

That Your Friends in the Old Country Will Appreciate



We will deliver to any address in England, Scotland or Ireland a dozen or half a dozen of our Imperial Cheese without one cent of charge beyond the regular price, viz., 10c., 25c., 50c. per jar. This is an opportunity to give Old Country friends a holiday surprise with a delicious worthy Canadian product.

If you will forward us your card we will see that it is carefully packed in the case going to your friend.

PRICES — Individual size jar, 10c. per jar, \$1.20 per doz.
Small size jar, 25c., \$3.00 per doz.
Medium size jar, 50c., \$6.00 per doz.

Write addresses plainly to avoid mistakes.

ALL DELIVERY CHARGES PAID BY US

A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co. LIMITED

51 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

All orders should be in our hands by December 5th so as to ensure delivery by Christmas.

Other dealers imitate our jars and labels, and are now imitating our advertisements and plans. They cannot, however, imitate the quality of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

and silent void lay stretched out before them, rolling league on league to the horizon; houseless, as untouched, unmarked by the hand of man as if the world were newly made. The Empire-Maker pulled in his horse and sat looking out upon the scene with something in his face that few had ever seen there. He stretched out his hand to the wide spaces he loved, and murmured under his breath, "Homes, more homes; that is what I work for."

"Six weeks' leave! Lucky beggar! That means Mount Nelson, ladies and jam. I say again, you lucky beggar!"

Majendie flicked his boot with a riding whip and looked down smiling at the sunburnt and content young fellow who sat astride a broken-backed chair.

"You're mistook in your judgments, Bennett. Hang Cape Town. I'm going north for my bit of fun. I want to keep ahead of the railway; none of the country's been surveyed beyond Umzoli, and I'm going to see what I can make of it on my own. Shooting's good up there, too, so Kelsey said."

"Oh, the railway! You eat and drink railway. Beastly sort of diet I call it; makes one sick for something whole, some, like Pilsener and a hamson. It's a sad spectacle to see a young man who has no better use for his valuable leave than to go surveying in the middle of this reprehensive continent. Still, good luck, if it amuses you."

So Majendie took his instruments, his Winchester, a couple of natives, and his cheery smile that all the frowns of an African sun could not dim, into the wilderness.

It was North—far North, getting on towards the sweltering line, and the joy of the thing to Majendie was that where he went the railway—the Empire-Maker's railway—would probably follow. Nature in mid-Africa silently opposes the progress of the white man and his civilization, and even when she cannot stop she takes toll, and she accepts only one currency. But each danger and difficulty added to the zest with which Majendie pursued his aim. He had been touched by the fire of the Empire-Maker's imagination, and where now were barren uplands, fever-laden swamp and tropic growths he saw rich farms and homesteads. He even laughed to himself as he sat on his camp-stool in the middle of Africa finishing off a map to think that on that spot there might some day be a station, with a "First-Class Waiting Room" and a stationmaster and time-table!

For four weeks he pegged away, guided by little but his compass and the stars, covering vast distances between noon and noon, measuring, mapping, noting the characteristics of the country, shooting and cooking his own dinner, sleeping like the dead, and enjoying the life with the simplicity of primitive man.

Then Africa said, "You have learned too much, my son."

It was only a slip, a failure of foothold on the edge of a sloping shelf of rock. He had done much more dangerous things at home, rock-climbing in Wales. But it was enough. He fell, rolled over, and crashed down 15 feet.

As he lay flat on his back in the last inevitable surrender, it seemed to his dazing brain that the figure of the Empire-Maker was bending over him, that the gnarled hand grasped his, and in his ears were the words, "Homes, more homes; that is what you are dying for."

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. James Majendie, who lost his life while finishing a difficult piece of surveying which he had undertaken single-handed. The deceased was only twenty-five years of age, and had been an ardent worker in the company's service.

So ran an item in the company's annual report. The shareholders read it among other items concerning "The Progress of the Country." Some few among them who had known Africa understood, but the most did not.—E. Hallam Moorhouse.

Forget You Ever Had It.

Catarrh, the Most Common of All Diseases, Stomach, Intestine, and Blood.

Catarrh is the most foul and offensive disease that afflicts the human race. Anyone with social ambitions had better renounce them if he has a bad case of catarrh, for his presence, if tolerated at all, will be endured under protest. The foul and sickening breath, the watery eyes, the hawking and spitting and fetid discharge at the nose make the unfortunate sufferer the most avoided of human beings.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the hope and relief of catarrh victims all over the world. They go direct to the root of the disease and thoroughly eradicate it from the human system. They cleanse and purify the blood of all catarrhal poisons and under their influence all impurities are carried off. The blood becomes pure, the eye brightens, the head is cleared, the breath becomes sweet, the lost sense of smell is restored, the discharges cease and the sufferer again feels that he has something to live for. He is again a man among men and can meet his fellow-beings with satisfaction and pleasure.

The following letter from a St. Louis lawyer is only one of thousands received praising the merits and curative powers of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. Read what he says:

"I suffered from catarrh for 15 years. It would be worse at certain seasons than others, but never failed to annoy me and cause me more or less misery during that period. About a year ago I got so bad that I thought of abandoning my practice. I was a nuisance to myself and all who came near me. My condition was very humiliating and especially so in the court room. I had tried, I thought, every known remedy; all kinds of balms, ointments, inhalers, sprays, etc., till I thought I had completed the list. I was finally told of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets by a friend who took pity on me, and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I got some and began taking them. I began to improve from the first day and I kept up the good work you may rest assured. In six weeks I was as free from catarrh as the day I was born, but to make assurance doubly sure I continued the treatment for six weeks longer.

"I have had no trace of catarrh in my system since. I am entirely free from the odious disease and feel like a new man. I write this letter unsolicited for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, and you may give it as widespread publicity as you wish."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

A London Fashion.

According to the London "Daily Mail" one of the most noticeable changes in men's fashions is the new watch chain for evening wear, which is so quaint that it carries those who behold it back in imagination to the early days of Count d'Orsay and Lord Disraeli. The "Daily Mail" adds: "It is a narrow band of black moire silk ornamented at the ends with delicately fashioned diamond buckles. The band is worn quite taut across the waistcoat, and is about the length of the leather watch guard now popular among sportsmen—a trifle that looks inconspicuous, that is perfectly

practical, and that costs about half a guinea. The price of the black moire band with its diamond fittings depends upon the value of the stones. Another reminiscence of the days of the dandies is the tendency among men at this present time to permit their hair to grow a shade longer than has been fashionable for some years past. It is also furnished to such splendid brilliancy that the use of macassar oil might be suspected, though the effect is really gained by a strenuous wielding of the brush, completed over the anastomosing locks. Women who observe the trend of the times are fully, and not altogether without delight, expecting to see their men folk shyly cultivate a crop of curls above their marble brows, and modest clusters of them behind their ears, after the Byronic manner. They note also with satisfaction the assiduity with which the tailors are cultivating in their clients a neat and lissom waist, following the military tendency, accomplished in many cases by the wearing of stays. Stay-makers for men do not flaunt their wares as a rule in their shop windows, but all the same a demand for corsets for men, cleverly boned and made of the most delicate pompadour brocade, or of silk to match the underwear, are in huge demand."

Special to the Ladies.

We wish to call the attention of ladies who desire to improve their complexion to the arsenical preparations advertised in another column.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap have been before the public for years, have been tried and tested, and have made a reputation in all parts of the world! As an internal remedy the Wafers purify the blood and clean the skin of all imperfections, as they are made from the formula of an old and celebrated physician and are really a medicine, while the soap is absolutely pure, and can be used on the most delicate complexion with the certainty that it will whiten and beautify.

Dr. Edson of the New York Board of Health once said that arsenic was literally a "Life Renewer." The Wafers and Soap are on sale at most of the drug and department stores in Toronto.

The Song of Dagonet.

Arthur's jester, heaven-born fool,
What folly brings you riding
Far away from Camelot?
While your feather in the pool
Nods and beckons to your hiding
Ourselves that calls you on—
Dagonet?

Leave the jousting! Break the quest!
Leave to Palamides
The death-thrust by the heron-pool
At Glaston the deadly beast.
All can fight as need is;
Only one can play the fool—
Dagonet.
—Ernest Rhys.

His Demand.

"What more can you ask?"
It was in the private office of one of America's greatest magnates. That gentleman sat twirling uneasily in his chair, while his sole auditor gazed indifferently through the window as he slowly shook his head.

"Let me recapitulate," said the magnate, "and perhaps, my Lord Duke, you will reconsider your decision. You wish to marry my daughter. In return for this in return for the privilege of uniting her with one of the flowers of England's nobility, namely, yourself—I offer you 400 shares in the stock of the Amalgamated Can Opener Company, par value \$100; 2,000 shares of the Gold Hinge Power, par \$1000; 100 bonds in the Compressed Leaves Limited, and a controlling interest in the Fish Scale International. Just think of it! Can it be possible, with this princely offer before you, that you absolutely refuse to marry my daughter?"

The Duke arose and turned toward the door.

"Yes, I refuse," he said, cruelly.

The desperate magnate strode after him.

"What will you consider?" he asked, anxiously.

The Duke looked back.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, "that I have a hundred dollars in cash."

A Lady's Request.

A Kansas editor received the following note, the other day, which explains itself. "Dere professor editor, I would like for you to put in yo' paper a notice for a husband fer me. I am thirty-eight years old, have no dentist bill for my teeth are all ok. I can cook a stake, wash dishes, and grace the parlor fine. Also player on the accordion, and have had two husbands. They are ded, but their graves are green and tended to all on account of me. Any lovin man of wait over one hundred and twenty answer please. No doods."

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to George W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Meals Served in Coaches on Pennsylvania Railroad Day Trains between Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

Beginning November 29, uniformed porters will be placed on Pennsylvania Railroad trains leaving Pittsburgh at 9 a. m. daily for Buffalo and leaving Buffalo at 8.45 a. m. daily for Pittsburgh. The coaches on these trains, which are now fitted with lavatories, will also be equipped with portable tables, and meals will be served to coach passengers by the train porters from the broiler buffet parlor car.



The Overcoat Question

is a pertinent one with every up-to-date dresser. No such value has ever been offered in high-class tailoring as our present "Special" of \$28 for our regular \$32 Oxford and Cambridge Cheviots.

R. SCORE & SON

77 KING STREET WEST

Catalogue and Self-Measurement Chart mailed free to out-of-town folk.

Pandora Range

SAVES FUEL AND HELPS TO PAY FOR ITSELF.

It is not the price you pay for a range which makes it cheap or expensive, but the fuel it consumes after you get it.

If you buy a range which costs \$5 to \$7 less than a "Pandora" and it burns a ton, or only half a ton of coal more in a year, what do you gain? Nothing, but you actually lose money, besides putting up with all the inconveniences, troubles and extra work which are a certainty with a poor range.

The "Pandora" is equipped with many fuel-saving features which are not found on any other range. Hot-air flues are constructed so that all the heat from the fire-box travels directly under every pot-hole and around the oven twice—every atom of heat is used, and only the smoke goes up the chimney.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg,
Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

Like a New Machine

The brain works like a new machine with all the parts in perfect order by using

BYRRH TONIC WINE

HUDON, HERBERT & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

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"THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."

Assets, - \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES.

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OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Best Quality COAL AND WOOD AT Lowest Prices


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LIST OF OFFICES:

- 3 KING EAST
- 413 Yonge Street
- 718 Yonge Street
- 578 Queen Street West
- 415 Spadina Avenue
- Bathurst Street (opposite Front Street)
- 206 Queen Street East
- 1352 Queen Street West
- 204 Wellesley Street
- Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)
- Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)
- 360 Pape Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)
- 1131 Yonge Street (at C.P.R. Crossing)
- 228 in 296 Lansdowne Avenue (near Dundas St.)



Easy to Keep Well

If you take proper care of your stomach and take regularly every morning half a glass of

Hunyadi Janos

It will surely drive out

CONSTIPATION

and all the other unpleasantnesses that come from a sluggish liver. It will bring you health and keep you well.

Most enlightened and eminent physicians in every part of the globe recommend it.

Anecdotal.

During a recent conversation between District Attorney Jerome and several members of the New York bar reference was had to the sharp practices of a certain notoriously shifty politician of the city. "Certainly he is never at a loss," said Mr. Jerome. "Do you know, I really believe that if that man were cast on a barren rock in mid-ocean he would make money—if there were another man on the rock."

The late Thomas B. Reed's portrait was painted by Sargent during the last year of his services in Congress. When it was brought to him he looked at it critically. He noted the protruding lips, the faithful reproduction of his florid complexion, of his flabby cheeks, of his ponderous neck. His eyes narrowed between the lids, and there came a cold glint in them. Then, pursing his lips, he said: "I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

Congressman Frank C. Wadsworth says that once, when a number of candidates were touring the State of Maryland, they stopped at the home of a farmer in one of the counties and found him not at home. They, however, saw his wife, and one of the candidates said to her: "Madam, is your husband a Democrat or a Republican?" "Well," she replied, "I'll tell you about him. He goes about a good deal, and when he is with Democrats he is a Democrat; but when he is with Republicans he is a Republican; but when he is around here he is a darned nuisance."

Richard Mansfield has, like many other men, a host of enemies. One of these is "Beaucaire," a student of Oxford, and an Irishman, a student of Cambridge. The Briton won handsily. At no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado, he had stopped two or three times in his course, and had bade the Irishman in the rear "to hurry up." After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff, in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if I had had the long rests that he took I could have beaten him easily."

Mr. Choate, the ambassador of the United States at London, took place in a scuffling match that took place between an Englishman, a student of Oxford, and an Irishman, a student of Cambridge. The Briton won handsily. At no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado, he had stopped two or three times in his course, and had bade the Irishman in the rear "to hurry up." After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff, in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if I had had the long rests that he took I could have beaten him easily."

Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who has given \$300,000 to Columbia University, was president of the class of '93. One of his classmates said the other day that Mr. Dodge had been a capable and conscientious student. "I remember," he went on, "that a day when we had a singularly hard recitation in geometry. Before a certain difficult proposition student after student was stumped. The instructor said to each of them in turn: 'Very poor, indeed, sir. Come and see me at the end of the hour.' Finally this very difficult proposition reached young Dodge. He rose, bowed to the instructor and said gravely: 'I will come and see you, sir, at the end of the hour.'"

When Sir Henry Irving was staying lately at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, a small boy, about six years old, son of Mr. William Mollison, a well-known member of Sir Henry's company, strayed into his rooms one afternoon. Invited to make himself at home, and take some refreshment, he consumed a pear and a bottle of lemonade with apparent satisfaction. Then gazing steadfastly at his host, he said, "I do miss Phil May." "So do we all," said Sir Henry, gravely. "Yes, but I miss him most," pursued the child. "He was my chum." "Ah! that makes it very hard," said Sir Henry. There was a long pause, and then the little fellow asked very earnestly, "Will you be my chum now?" So they swore eternal friendship on the altar of Phil May's memory.

A bookseller tells a story which admirably illustrates the tact and humor of the late Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer in books and manuscripts. The New York man visited Quaritch's shop for the purpose of obtaining a number of valuable scientific works. After making his selection, he stepped up to Mr. Quaritch and asked the price. As Mr. Quaritch began to quote the figures the American interrupted him, saying: "But I am a dealer myself. What are the trade prices?" "Oh," replied the famous booksman, "I thought you were a gentleman." The American was taken aback for a moment, but only for a mo-

ment, for Mr. Quaritch held out his hand and said, smilingly: "But I am delighted to find that you are not only a gentleman, but a dealer as well. The trade discount is one-third off."

There is, or used to be, on the ceiling of the Cafe de la Paix, in the Palais Royal of Paris, a peaceful swallow, which was due to the great painter of battle pictures, Horace Vernet. Dining one day at the cafe in question, Vernet had fired off a bottle of champagne in so reckless a manner that the cork struck the ceiling and marked it in only too perceptible a manner. Unwilling to incur the reproaches of the proprietor of the cafe, the great artist expressed his regret, and offered to make good the damage he had done by painting out the mark. Such a proposition was not likely to be refused. Ladders were brought in; Horace Vernet sent to his atelier for the necessary colors, and in a very few minutes the ceiling of the Cafe de la Paix, instead of being defaced by the mark of a champagne-cork, was decorated with the life-like representation of a swallow on the wing.

Not long ago, W. S. Gilbert, the English humorist, was so unfortunate as to lose his umbrella while dining at the well-known Carlton Club in London, of which he has long been a member. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused the following notice of his loss to be posted in the cloak-room: "The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it (the umbrella) with the clerk of this club." When a friend remonstrated with Mr. Gilbert, saying that he thought it was a gratuitous affront, and asked why Mr. Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella, the witty Gilbert exclaimed: "Oh! according to the first article of the club's rules, its membership is composed of noblemen and gentlemen." And, since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."

Ferrol a True Tonic.

Your physician will tell you that Ferrol is the most easily assimilated and most valuable special nutrient obtainable.

In cod liver oil in its purest form is blended with iron in such proportions and by such methods as make both highly acceptable to weak stomachs. The phosphorus added to these two valuable ingredients makes Ferrol an ideal food for a run-down nervous system.

Ferrol is not a mere nerve soother, it is a tonic in the very highest sense of the word.

It is a tonic in the sense that it tones up by building. There is a nice distinction between the false "tonic" of temporary stimulation of tissue building, which ceases when the alleged "tonic" is discontinued, and Ferrol which builds living tissue, makes red blood and constructively tones up the whole nervous system.

Every day's use of Ferrol brings the patient nearer to the day when its use is no longer necessary.

With many so-called tonics and nerve stimulants, where the system is stimulated, the system is soon enabled to provide its own nourishment by the ordinary diet of well people.

If you are losing weight, feel depressed or nervous, shaky, try a course of Ferrol. It certainly can do you no more harm than milk, and it will do you good.

At all druggists. Samples free from The Ferrol Co., Limited, Toronto.

At Waking.

"When I shall go to sleep and wake again, I shall find in another world than this. What will I find there for all I miss? The light melodious footsteps of the rain. The press of leaves against my window pane. The sunset softness and morning bliss. The moon's enchantment and the twilight kiss. Of winds that wander with me through the lane."

"Will not my soul remember evermore. The earthly winter's hunger for the spring. The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush Of roses through the summer's open door? The feelings that the scented woodlands bring. At evening with the singing of the thrush?"—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Great Work in New Brunswick.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Made F. W. Harris a Well Man.

He Suffered from Kidney Disease for two and a Half Years—Only one of the Many Cured by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Central Waterville, York Co., N.B. Nov. 30.—(Special).—The case of F. W. Harris of this place is one more evidence of the wonderful work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing in New Brunswick. Mr. Harris makes the following statement for publication:

"I suffered for two years and a half from kidney troubles, being unable to attend to my work the greater part of the time. I tried many medicines without getting any benefit, but actually grew worse."

"I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they cured me. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy for kidney trouble."

Bright's Disease is the most advanced stage of kidney disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy that will cure it. But it is wiser and safer to guard against Bright's Disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills when your kidneys give the first symptoms of distress—pain in the back or slight urinary disorder."

Did She Know?

Fond Father (showing off his offspring's intelligence).—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat? Elsie.—Dunno. Fond Father.—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when everyone's in bed? Elsie (promptly).—Papa.—New York "Times."

Wife.—Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps. Husband.—And after? Wife.—By the clothes his wife wears.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

THE curious ways of bookwriters are often a subject of interest to the observer, and one cannot help wondering at their willingness to follow a good lead. Just now they are hauling in the Civil War by the hair in many of the new books. Even in that charmingly begun story, "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," which promised to be original, the inevitable happens, and we are treated to a series of more or less mixed up scenes in the war of the early sixties. I have just lain aside this book. After striking the section aforesaid, and as I some time ago revolted against heroes who got mixed up in the small scrappy revolutions in Eastern Europe and old hussies who spoke in bad spelling and worse grammar of the David Harum School, and persons who drew trusty swords and cried "I fight" and "death," so I now refuse to follow Northern or Southern stratagems. It was quite had enough to live through the horrors of that war, even one year of it, to content one all one's days. By the way, the book I mentioned has such strong local coloring, and Kentucky is so full of interest as a State, that I can safely recommend this story of the little shepherd to your consideration.

A very old lady was talking to me the other day, and this is one of the things she said: "All my life long, my dear, (and I was just four score) I've had just one ambition, to write a book." Now, I've heard that ambition confessed to a good many times, but I don't think I ever met a frank avowal of the sort from a person over thirty, so it was piquant to hear the ruling passion for scribbling speak in the voice of a great-grandmother. "And what would it be about?" I asked. "Just about us," she said quaintly. "And how it is best to be true and honest and unselfish and how hopeful. And how laughing comes cheaper than crying, and whistling than whining. And there would be love in it, that is neither greedy nor base, and the people would fall and get up again; and above all things, would find out that no one is too secure to be mistaken. There would be lots of finding that useful thing out, and there would be always a bit of rest and quiet and peace possible in my book. And I'd have pictures in it, of the loveliest faces and the strongest women and men, and some children, and a wise dog or two and a horse or two. Eh! It would be a fine book; wouldn't it?" And I, being over-come, meekly assented.

If ever I write a book (and as I near the four score I am getting as foolish as the other old lady) I fancy there will be just one man in it worth thinking about. There will be work and waiting and desperate risk and heart-breaking failure and strength and wisdom and courage; and, when the story is done, there will be, as an afterthought, something to me at all—neither joy nor interest. But means an enthralling fascination for me, and the episode of the book, for a few and far between, for the man will be a lonely man, whose feet have never had time to tread the rosy ways of dalliance, no matter how his soul may have yearned to do so. And from the cradle which I shall construct for him he will emerge forth a man indeed, whom his greatest inspiration will acknowledge as worthy. Will there be no woman in that book? I fear not; for women are as big a conundrum to me as ever, and I haven't yet met one who would be in every way worthy to stand beside the man in my book. There will be women, but not one woman; for women are useful things and kind things and pure, sweet things, and the man would not grow perfect without them. And they will glory in that man, neither jealous nor another nor daring to put a special claim on him, content to be inspired by his spirit and believing in ways in his tenderness and comprehension, knowing that now and then he looks at them gently and with respect, but without the rude hunger of lesser men. Isn't it a foolish book that I dream about? But, wise or foolish, it sings through my dreams, and now and then, here and there, I get a little glimpse of the man I want, just one glance of his strong, true, noble nature in some man, whom perhaps others don't recognize as in the least distinguished. And I bow to that glimpse, and of those who have given it to me are my best beloved and closest men friends.

"Every Irishman is a monk at heart," quoted a girl with a lightning glance at an ardent admirer. And he, by one instant's hesitation before crying out in denial, confessed the truth of her quotation. "B-r-r-r-h," snorted the old lady boisterously. "I heard that in the Franco-German war, sir, 'Every Irishman is a monkey, sir!' The major was in the Prussian army."

The fashion prevailing during the past few years of evolving some original and unique design for Christmas cards is just now exercising the brains of some of our ambitious women, men seldom taking the thought and trouble to assert themselves and please their friends in this particular manner. To invent a Christmas token of remembrance, which should be at once quaint and personally interesting, is not a half-holiday job, as you will find out when you give it a trial, and many a one sets out bravely to astonish her friends and caves in weakly before difficulty, expense and trouble. The very best Christmas token is a little note, but that is only possible for one's familiar friends. The next best is something which contains your own autograph and sentiment. People who are oblivious to the fine significance of things send beautifully printed sentiments and names, which may be in the golden of gold or the reddest of red, but are tawdry beside some such simple legend as "your friend" or "with my love," written and signed by the sender. No one ever warmed their hearts at a printed message, though the same words traced by some manly, dainty, or

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

"Dorothy Dodd" Shoes Make Walking a Pleasure

Never mind what old-fashioned people tell you:—Style and Comfort can live together in a pair of shoes! The "Dorothy Dodd" proves it.

They are the utmost height of style.
They are shoes of genuine distinction.

The highest praise you can give a shoe is to say—

"It has the style of a 'Dorothy Dodd'."

Yet the "Dorothy Dodd" is the most comfortable shoe ever made. You long to walk for the pleasure of walking. It holds the foot firmly around the instep and supports the unsupported arch. You escape the "slouchy" gait which comes with some shoes. It gives a new poise to your body in walking. Your carriage is more light and graceful. Just try one pair.

Oxfords, \$3.00 pair.
Boots, \$3.75 pair.

Dorothy Dodd

BOOKS FOR XMAS GIFTS, \$1.20

The Heart of Rome, Earth's Enigmas, The Adventures of Gerard, The Proud Prince, Gordon Keith, Grey Cloak, The Black Shilling, Eye-Witness, and many other titles, special, each \$1.20

Burnt Leather Book Covers—Red, brown, tan and green. Special, each 0.75

ANNUALS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Boy's Own, Sunday at Home, Girl's Own, Leisure Hour. Each \$1.75
Chatterbox, 70c.; Chums, \$1.65; Just So Stories, \$1.20; Young People's Natural History, 65c.; New Adventures of Foxy Grandpa, 60c.
Young Chums, Adventures of Santa Claus, New Wonderful Wizard of Oz and Enchanted Islands. Each 1.20

CALENDARS AND CHRISTMAS CARDS

Handsome illustrations of Canadian Life and Canadian Scenery in a new departure in the decorative features of Christmas Cards and Calendars. Several famous artists have devoted their talent to the production of the most interesting types. You'll find most of the newest ideas on view in our book section. Prices begin at 5c. and range up to 10.00

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East, Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

trembling hand can awake quite a wonderful rise in temperature.

A wonderfully pretty little yarn for boys' Christmas reading is Stewart Edward White's story of the Magic Forest. The way the sleep-walking little boy steps off the transcontinental train and awakes in the wilds of the great Northwest in a nightshirt, knickers and bed slippers is only a prelude to the wonderful story of the way he finds friends there. And the way he gets back into Lower 7 berth some months later is just too cute for anything. I am sending the story to a wise little matter-of-fact girl in Cambridge, and no doubt she'll receive the impression that travel has its excitements in "this Canada of ours." One of the illustrations of this story shows the little boy grasping for the North Pole, from which floats the "gridiron" of the neighboring republic. Well, I only hope Captain Bernier won't catch sight of that picture. I can fancy him shying the jolly little book far, far away, if his eye rested upon it, even in a magic tale of might-have-been but not at all ordinary adventures. In spite of the suggested annexation of the North Pole by the grabbers, I think the book should be a Christmas gift to many a small boy (and even girls) hereabouts.

LADY GAY.

Message to the Old Folks.

Angus MacMillan Tells Them How his Stomach Troubles Vanished when he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many aged people to-day are having trouble with their stomachs. They are full of aches and depression they wrongly charge up to their weight of years, when, in fact, it is Dyspepsia that is troubling them. To these Angus MacMillan of Laggan, Glengarry County, Ont., sends the following message:

"I am over eighty years of age. I suffered with dyspepsia for more than twenty years back, and never met with anything to cure me till I commenced using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After taking them for two days all pain and restlessness left me entirely. I continued taking them and was soon feeling like a new man."

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure the stomach troubles of old and young alike. A few of them carried in your pocket and one or two taken after eating is a safeguard against all forms of indigestion.



The above Coupon must accompany every correspondence sent in. The Editor follows the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Delay—You are really over-modest in self-estimation, for your character is delightfully developed and must be that of a capable, sympathetic, enthusiastic and sweet-tempered woman. You love beauty, brightness and motion and are yourself likely not to lack any of the three. Imagination, resource and facility are good clear sequence of thought with some warmth of heart and careful, able grasp of details. You are quite discreet and cautious enough, but will not be likely to be reticent or reserved. You think a good deal of yourself, really, so I don't advise you to get a chance. It is also probably the type that would weary of delay, and, so long as a thing were finished, not be too particular.

Stuttgart—You'd be a pretty rattling sort of girl with that flat. However, in these days of many women, one comes across it occasionally over a female signature. The dominant touch is very strong and the will buoyant, ambitious and constant; also the perception is unusually quick. Affection and love of life's good things show plainly, but writer will not be likely to come under sentimental influence easily, though very sensitive to physical and perhaps also psychic changes and currents. A responsive mood is your usual one. Writer is careful and observant of appearance and likes things well set up and in correct form. There is some business capacity and an equitable and admirable temperament. Candor, honesty and a touch of pride show in your lines. An attractive study.

Jasper.—Just got you, laddie. I am so glad you are finding things coming your way out there. "Tie a great country, and if I were a young man it would probably lure me out soon enough. I feel a certain

responsibility as you say I was the one to head you that way, but as it turns out well, I shall not lose any sleep over it nor regret sending so nice a chap so far away.

Edward M. N.—I sent you the little sweets last week and hope they reached you safely. Indeed I well remember that Sunday tramp, and you will notice that I passed it over in the account because it was my personal friend whom I went to see and I would not make "cops" of her. The picture stands before me. It is eminently satisfactory and shall always turn of mind birthday brings you under Scorpio, a strong water sign, and one full of inspiration and action when well developed during October 19 is blured with falling snow, and winter is upon us. There's no saying what I'd have done that day if I'd opened your charming letter with pleasure. Will write when I have time—before Christmas.

Guy Fawkes.—No, "honey," I won't come, not to-day, for your glorious autumn picture of October 19 is blurred with falling snow, and winter is upon us. There's no saying what I'd have done that day if I'd opened your charming letter with pleasure. Will write when I have time—before Christmas.

Americans.—There is good energy, tenacity, and a strong love of power in these lines. Writer would naturally take the lead and not be likely to slacken up to accommodate lagging either. The turn of mind is mainly practical and the opinions apt to be freely expressed, without the caution and prudence that are usually found in the English. Writer is not cal nor does her mind patiently work out its conclusion. She goes at a question with a rattling impulse that soon disposes of it more or less sanely. A little touch of pessimism flavors her nature, but not enough to give it a distinct tinge. Lack of feeling and sympathy is noted, the writer being more likely to help with practical aid than to spend feeling and emotion on the needy. It is a remarkably clever specimen, with a certain go and vim whispering of some very ardent and free-spirited nature, but you can be concentrated, determined and positive in your own ingratiating way.

R.J.B.—It seems a very conventional, but at the same time enthusiastic and original. Writer is open to appeal by sentiment and probably susceptible, generally discreet and reasonably reticent, but occasionally frank and free. Will be strong and somewhat nervous, affection, love of comfort and luxury strong. It is the writing of a person who will not do entire justice to her best traits before the world. Ambition is noticed, which may not be satisfied, generous impulse, fluency of expression, but not enough to give it a distinct tinge. Lack of feeling and sympathy is noted, the writer being more likely to help with practical aid than to spend feeling and emotion on the needy. It is a remarkably clever specimen, with a certain go and vim whispering of some very ardent and free-spirited nature, but you can be concentrated, determined and positive in your own ingratiating way.

Margaret.—The main thing I notice is that your writing is not quite fully developed, and that you have not learned to harness and concentrate your strength. I don't know why you should be "anxious to become a useful existence to the world," but you probably will get over that vast anxiety when you realize its self-consciousness. Do your duty, and do it well, and trust to the high tone that will develop in you to work its own way as an influence. That you have struggled alone in this cold world, and reached so far in safety is creditable, but you are only one of many thousands who have done the same. You are a bright girl, thoughtful but self-centered, and you need plenty of inspiration of the highest type to lift you out of the rut of commonplace. Ambition you have, like wise hope, with a nice, pleasant temper, so you really should get on well.

A.L.H.—You are of erratic impulse, some diplomacy, very little tact or sympathy, but splendid talents. Your judgment and sense of proportion and order are very trustworthy; you may at times lean to ardent feeling, and can love warmly, but there is little grace or ease in your expression of your sentiments. The writer of this study might be anything—the manager of a large power, or a leader of many minds. The writing is ambitious, full of inventive and elusive turns, without frankness or clarity, and apt to belong to a masterful and impatient person, self-willed and a bit conceited, but capable of

great and able kindness. It isn't one of the placid ones of earth by any means.

Sloux City.—I have just opened the budget, and as there are so many of you, and you ask to be done in the same issue, I will leave you all until next week.

Little Lady.—Indeed I do remember you, "Sweetheart." Now, does that convince you? It's a good long time since those old days, is it not? I saw that note in the paper, as to the birthplace of Arthur Stringer, author of the "Silver Poppy." His father now lives in London, but at the time of the author's birth I am almost certain lived some ninety miles or so further west. His mother, at all events, was a Chatham girl, and died while her three children were quite small. I have often wished she knew of the success of her only son—perhaps she does! Wee Artie and I were, and big Arthur and I are, very good chums. I am glad you appreciate him.



Brim-full of Health and Energy.

Life is worth living when one can awake after a good night's sleep—ready for anything the day may bring. Eye clear; tongue clean; liver active; stomach right; hand steady and every nerve vibrating with that splendid sense of the day's perfect health. Too few enjoy this enviable morning awakening, but

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

can always be depended upon to restore the system to its natural condition and keep you in good sound health. A gentle laxative it helps nature to rid the system of poisonous impurities, stimulates the liver and tones up the digestive organs.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

In the Kitchen.

The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and kitchen.

It does not cake—it dissolves easily—it is nothing but pure Salt.

Windsor Salt.

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BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extra of Malt and Hops

"The Feet of the Young Men."

THE Empire-Maker was sunk in a large cane chair, a map spread over his knees.

He looked up as a shadow came between him and the glare of sunshine outside the stoep. A tall young man, bronzed and boyish in appearance, who carried himself with a confident air, came in. He went up to the big man in the chair and gave him a letter, saying, "Mr. Mattison asked me to bring you this, sir, as I was riding over to-day; he says it's important. If you wish, I can take back an answer."

The Empire-Maker nodded. "Sit down," he said, fixing his prominent gray eyes on the newcomer, and then added abruptly, "Who are you?"

"I'm Jim Majendie; I'm one of the assistant surveyors on the Zembwa section of the railway."

"Good!" said the Empire-Maker, and turned his attention to the letter.

As he read, Majendie watched him with undisturbed interest. The big head, with its wave of gray hair, the square jaw, the grim-looking mouth with its cynical downward droop, the massive solidity of the figure, the powerful gnarled hands, all expressed a personality whose dominant note was force.

"I shall have to go back to Intana to-night," said the Empire-Maker, folding up the paper he held. "We'll ride over together, Majendie; there are one or two things I want to ask you about that Zembwa section."

It was characteristic that he did not pause to ask whether Majendie was prepared to go back with him.

There was, however, little doubt of that. The answer came eagerly, "I'll be ready, sir, when you are."

Some hours later the two were riding side by side over the wide, cold, dark road around them, the glorious African stars blazing overhead.

The Empire-Maker was silent for the first few miles, his head sunk forward, his eyes fixed in an unseeing way ahead of him. There was no sound but the faint jingle of chain and bit, the rub of leather against leather.

Suddenly the Empire-Maker broke silence. "This is a good country," he said, making a gesture with his whip. "Big, too; plenty of room in it for those folks crammed up in England. Some day they'll find that out and come here in their thousands, instead of in scores as they do now. What made you come out to Africa?"

"Oh, the usual thing," laughed the boy, the Rand. But I'd no luck, was very near stony broke, so I trekked up here and asked the company for work. I knew something about engineering and surveying, so they gave me a job on the railway. I'm getting on now."

"Like it?" asked his companion.

"Yes," said Majendie simply. "I do. One kind of feels," he added a little shamefacedly, "that it's good sort of work, that it means civilization and progress, and things like that, and—with a burst of enthusiasm—"I'm jolly glad it's English!"

"So am I," said the Empire-Maker.

Majendie had drawn his horse closer, till now they were riding knee to knee.

"Of course," he went on, something in the magnetism of the big man beside him drawing the words from him, "of course we don't do much, only bits; it's you who did it, it's your show, and we're mighty glad it's your show."

"My dear boy," said the Empire-Maker, "many people might have had the idea. I was fortunate enough to have the money to carry it out. Ideas were out money are unrealizable assets. The great thing when one's got an idea is to stick to it; if it's a good idea you'll get through with it somehow. One's friends don't always approve of one's actions, but the result is what we must think of."

A sudden realization of the lonely romance of the man, of the majesty of his devotion to his vast ideal of empire, came over Jim Majendie as he looked at the ungainly figure riding beside him. Like most young Englishmen with the stamp of the public school still on them, he was not over-imaginative. But for a moment of insight he saw Africa as this man was making it by the sheer force of his brain and will: slowly drawing together the dismembered States, in spite of opposition, in spite of one big blunder: extending the power of the flag to the very margin of the Great Lakes. It was a colossal vision, and at the same time came a rush of young admiration for the man who had done these things.

Once again the Empire-Maker was drawing the boy towards him, as he drew so many boys of his race, by a magnetism he was supremely unconscious of exercising. He was always slightly surprised when these keen young men manifested any special devotion towards himself. His ideas—yes, and his country, he understood devotion to those quite well. But he never guessed why these boys gave him such a grip when they got hold of it, and did such queer things for him as some of them did, because he never thought they had found out that under his grim exterior, under his shyness of showing personal emotion, was a heart at least as big as his ideas.

That they cared about him in this way moved him to an inarticulate gratitude, for deep in his childish heart he loved these boys who were fighting and farming and toiling in many ways all over the pioneer country as he would have loved sons of his own.

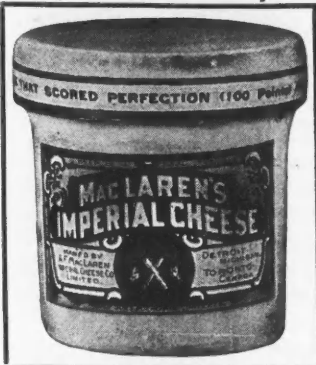
As they rode on, the night and the silence and the simple sincerity of the lad at his side loosened the Empire-Maker's tongue, and he talked freely, asking questions as to the progress of the railway and the telegraph—questions that showed his deep delight in action, in things done.

"Good, oh, very good," he said, when Majendie had given him an account of the laying of a particularly difficult section. "That's work for men, and I feel for anyone who has the feeling of adventure strong enough to come out of civilization and take his risks with us in this country." Then he added with that touch of the visionary which was so characteristic of him, "It's a great thing to have a continent before you—a continent to work in. The North has been my thought since I set foot in Africa."

This was the only talk, the only ride that Majendie ever had with the Empire-Maker. They had many long miles to go, and as the night wore on the late moon—that glorious African moon which does not make everything black and white as in England, but transmutates and purifies color—rose from behind the granite shoulder of a kopje. The bare

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We will deliver to any address in England, Scotland or Ireland a dozen or half a dozen of our Imperial Cheese without One cent of charge beyond the regular price, viz., 10c., 25c., 50c. per jar. This is an opportunity to give Old Country friends a holiday surprise with a delicious worthy product.

If you will forward us your card we will see that it is carefully packed in the case going to your friend.

PRICES — Individual size jar, 10c. per jar, \$1.00 per doz.
Small size jar, 25c., \$3.00 per doz.
Medium size jar, 50c., \$6.00 per doz.

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All orders should be in our hands by December 5th so as to ensure delivery by Christmas.

Other dealers imitate our jars and labels, and are now imitating our advertisements and plans. They cannot, however, imitate the quality of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

and silent veld lay stretched out before them, rolling league on league to the horizon; houseless, as untouched, unmarked by the hand of man as if the world were newly made. The Empire-Maker pulled in his horse and sat looking out upon the scene with something in his face that few had ever seen there. He stretched out his hand to the wide spaces he loved, and murmured under his breath, "Homes, more homes; that is what I work for."

"Six weeks' leave! Lucky beggar! That means Mount Nelson, ladies and jam. I say again, you lucky beggar!" Majendie flicked his boot with a riding whip and looked down smiling at the sunburnt and contented young fellow who sat astride a broken-backed chair.

"You're mistook in your judgments, Bennett. Hang Cape Town. I'm going north for my bit of fun. I want to keep ahead of the railway; none of the country's been surveyed beyond Umzoli, and I'm going to see what I can make of it on my own." Shooting his good up there, too, so Kelsey said.

"Oh, the railway! You eat and drink railway. Beastly sort of diet I call it; makes one sick for something whole-some, like Piccadilly and a hansom. It's a sad spectacle to see a young man who has no better use for his valuable leave than to go surveying in the middle of this reprehensible continent. Still, good luck, if it amuses you."

So Majendie took his instruments, his Winchester, a couple of natives, and his cheery smile that all the fervors of an African sun could not dim, into the wilderness.

It was North—far North, getting on towards the sweltering line, and the joy of the thing to Majendie was that where he went the railway—the Empire-Maker's railway—would probably follow. Nature in mid-Africa silently opposes the progress of the white man and his civilization, and even when she can't stop she takes toll, and she accepts only one currency. But each danger and difficulty added to the zest with which Majendie pursued his aim. He had been touched by the fire of the Empire-Maker's imagination, and where now were barren uplands, fever-laden swamp and tropic growths he saw rich farms and homesteads. He even laughed to himself as he sat on his camp-stool in the middle of Africa finishing off a map to think that on that spot there might some day be a station, with a "First-Class Waiting Room" and a stationmaster and time-table!

For four weeks he pegged away, guided by little but his compass and the stars, covering vast distances between noon and noon, measuring, mapping, noting the characteristics of the country, shooting and cooking his own dinner, sleeping like the dead, and enjoying the life with the simplicity of primitive man.

Then Africa said, "You have learned too much, my son."

It was only a slip, a failure of foothold on the edge of a sloping shelf of rock. He had done much more dangerous things at home, rock-climbing in Wales. But it was enough. He fell, rolled over, and crashed down 15 feet. As he lay flat on his back in the last inevitable surrender, it seemed to his dazing brain that the figure of the Empire-Maker was bending over him, that the gnarled hand grasped his, and in his ears were the words, "Homes, more homes; that is what you are dying for."

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. James Majendie, who lost his life while finishing a difficult piece of surveying which he had undertaken single-handed. The deceased was only twenty-five years of age, and had been an ardent worker in the company's service.

So ran an item in the company's annual report. The shareholders read it among other items concerning "The Progress of the Country." Some few among them who had known Africa understood, but the most did not.—E. Hallam Moorhouse.

Forget You Ever Had It.

Catarrh, the Most Odious of All Diseases, Stamped Out, Root and Branch.

Catarrh is the most foul and offensive disease that afflicts the human race. Anyone with social ambitions had better renounce them if he has a bad case of catarrh, for his presence, if tolerated at all, will be endured under protest. The foul and sickening breath, the watery eyes, the hawking and spitting and fetid discharge at the nose make the unfortunate sufferer the most avoided of human beings.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the hope and relief of catarrh victims all over the world. They go direct to the root of the disease and thoroughly eradicate it from the human system. They cleanse and purify the blood of all catarrhal poisons and under their influence all impurities are carried off. The blood becomes pure, the eye brightens, the head is cleared, the breath becomes sweet, the lost sense of smell is restored, the discharges cease and the sufferer again feels that he has something to live for. He is again a man among men and can meet his fellow-beings with satisfaction and pleasure.

The following letter from a St. Louis lawyer is only one of thousands received praising the merits and curative powers of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. Read what he says:

"I suffered from catarrh for 15 years. It would be worse at certain seasons than others, but never failed to annoy me during that period. About a year ago I got so bad that I thought of abandoning my practice. I was a nuisance to myself and all who came near me. My condition was very humiliating and especially so in the court room. I had tried, I thought, every known remedy; all kinds of balms, ointments, inhalers, sprays, etc., till I thought I had completed the list. I was finally told of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets by a friend who took pity on me, and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I got some and began taking them. I began to improve from the first day and I kept up the good work you may rest assured. In six weeks I was as free from catarrh as the day I was born, but to make assurance doubly sure I continued the treatment for six weeks longer.

"I have had no trace of catarrh in my system since. I am entirely free from the odious disease and feel like a new man. I write this letter unsolicited for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, and you may give it as widespread publicity as you wish."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box.

A London Fashion.

According to the London "Daily Mail" one of the most noticeable changes in men's fashions is the new watch chain for evening wear, which is so quaint that it carries those who behold it back in imagination to the early days of Count Orsay and Lord Disraeli. The "Daily Mail" adds: "It is a narrow band of black moire silk ornamented at the ends with delicately fashioned diamond buckles. The band is worn quite taut across the waistcoat, and is about the length of the leather watch guard now popular among sportsmen—a trifle that looks inconspicuous, that is perfectly

practical, and that costs about half a guinea. The price of the black moire band with its diamond fittings depends upon the value of the stones. Another reminiscence of the days of the dandies is the tendency among men at this present time to permit their hair to grow a shade longer than has been fashionable for some years past. It is also furnished to such splendid brilliancy that the use of mace oil might be suspected, though the effect is really gained by a strenuous wielding of the brush, completed by the passing of a silk handkerchief over the ambrosial locks. Women who observe the trend of the times are fully, and not altogether without delight, expecting to see their men folk shyly cultivate a crop of curls above their marble brows, and modest clusters of them behind their ears, after the Byronic manner. They note also with satisfaction the assiduity with which the tailors are cultivating in their clients a neat and lissom waist, following the military tendency, accomplished in many cases by the wearing of stays. Stay-makers for men do not flaunt their wares as a rule in their shop windows, but all the same a demand for corsets for men, cleverly boned and made of the most delicate pompadour brocade, or of silk to match the underwear, are in huge demand."

Special to the Ladies.

We wish to call the attention of ladies who desire to improve their complexion to the arsenical preparations advertised in another column.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Soap have been before the public for years, have been tried and tested, and have made a reputation in all parts of the world! As an internal remedy the Wafers purify the blood and clean the skin of all imperfections, as they are made from the formula of an old and celebrated physician and are really a medicine, while the soap is absolutely pure, and can be used on the most delicate complexion with the certainty that it will whiten and beautify.

Dr. Edson of the New York Board of Health once said that arsenic was literally a "Life Renewer." The Wafers and Soap are on sale at most of the drug and department stores in Toronto.

The Song of Dagonet.

Arthur's jester, heaven-born fool,
What folly brings you riding
Far away from Camelot?
While your feather in the pool
Nods and beckons to your hiding
Ourselves that calla you on—
Dagonet?

Leave the jousting! Break the quest!
The death-thrust by the heron-pool
At Glastenbury the deadly beast.
Sit—can fight as need be!
Only one can play the fool—
Dagonet.

—Ernest Rhys.

His Demand.

"What more can you ask?"

It was in the private office of one of America's greatest magnates. That gentleman sat twirling uneasily in his chair, while his sole auditor gazed indifferently through the window as he slowly shook his head.

"Let me recapitulate," said the magnate, "and perhaps, my Lord Duke, you will reconsider your decision. You wish to marry my daughter. In return for this—in return for the privilege of uniting her with one of the flowers of England's nobility, namely, yourself—I offer you 400 shares in the stock of the Amalgamated Can Opener Company, par value \$100; 2,000 shares of the Gold Hinge Power, par \$1000; 100 bonds in the Compressed Leaves Limited, and a controlling interest in the Fish Scale International. Just think of it! Can it be possible, with this princely offer before you, that you absolutely refuse to marry my daughter?"

The Duke arose and turned toward the door.

"Yes, I refuse," he said, cruelly.

The desperate magnate strode after him.

"What will you consider?" he asked, anxiously.

The Duke looked back.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, "that I have a hundred dollars in cash."

A Lady's Request.

A Kansas editor received the following note, the other day, which explains itself: "Dere professor editor, I would like for you to put in yo' paper a notice fer a husband fer me. I am thirty-eight years old, have no dentist bill for my teeth are all ok. I can cook a stake, wash dishes, and grace the parlor fine. Also play on the accordion, and have had two husbands. They are dead, but their graves are green and tended to all on account of me. Any lovin man of wait over one hundred and twenty answer please. No doods."

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to George W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Meals Served in Coaches on Pennsylvania Railroad Day Trains between Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

Beginning November 29, uniformed porters will be placed on Pennsylvania Railroad trains leaving Pittsburgh at 9 a. m. daily for Buffalo and leaving Buffalo at 8.45 a. m. daily for Pittsburgh. The coaches on these trains, which are now fitted with lavatories, will also be equipped with portable tables, and meals will be served to coach passengers by the train porters from the broiler buffet parlor car.



The Overcoat Question

is a pertinent one with every up-to-date dresser. No such value has ever been offered in high-class tailoring as our present "Special" of \$28 for our regular \$32 Oxford and Cambridge Cheviots.

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Catalogue and Self-Measurement Chart mailed free to out-of-town folk.

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It is not the price you pay for a range which makes it cheap or expensive, but the fuel it consumes after you get it.

If you buy a range which costs \$5 to \$7 less than a "Pandora" and it burns a ton, or only half a ton of coal more in a year, what do you gain? Nothing, but you actually lose money, besides putting up with all the inconveniences, troubles and extra work which are a certainty with a poor range.

The "Pandora" is equipped with many fuel-saving features which are not found on any other range. Hot-air flues are constructed so that all the heat from the fire-box travels directly under every pot-hole and around the oven twice—every atom of heat is used, and only the smoke goes up the chimney.

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Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)
Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)
360 Page Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)
1131 Yonge Street (at C.P.R. Crossing)
225 to 236 Lansdowne Avenue (near Dundas St.)

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GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

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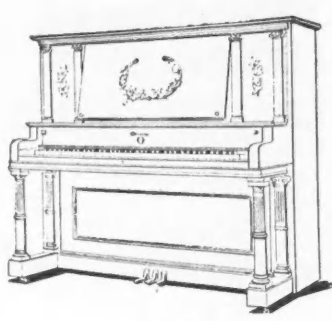
Gerhard Heintzman Pianos



WE sell the Gerhard Heintzman Piano for the most part not to people who go to various music stores in search of "bargains," nor to people who go through a stock of pianos enquiring "How much is this piano? How much is that piano?" but to people who visit our warerooms with seemingly no other thought than "Gerhard Heintzman." These are the people who buy Gerhard Heintzman pianos. They are the people who know and appreciate pure tone, responsive action, superb case design, and who marvel that such a piano can be sold so reasonably as is our custom. It requires only a little longer time to pay for a Gerhard Heintzman than an instrument of much inferior quality, and the terms are practically the same.

A card of enquiry will bring a personal letter with full particulars.

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Mrs. J. B. Young

invites inspection of her importations of **White China** for decorative purposes.

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and other novelties and mountings for same.
Firing and Gliding Done.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. DeLeigh Wilson gave a lovely little tea for her sister, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, on Wednesday at Orlin, Walmer road. It was not impudently called a "beauty tea" when one remembers that Mrs. George Evans, in a delicate gray gown; Miss Sybil Seymour, in white lace and silk; Mrs. Alfred Jones, in white and black foulard; Mrs. Warren, in a lovely gown and white picture hat; the hostess

and her equally handsome sister, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, in a dashing Dresden silk coat and smart hat, all distinguished for personal charm, were grouped together. Dainty Mrs. Alfred Wright, in a soft gray dress touched with pink, was one of those who assisted in the tea-room. Miss May Harston was a bright, handsome guest. A debutante, Miss Sankey, was a handsome guest. Mrs. Cartmell came down from the luncheon at Rathnelly, looking very well in a toque with long green plumes and green cloth gown. Miss Virginia Hugel was in pale blue, with cream applique. Miss Charles McLeod was in a pretty black gown and hat. Mrs. E. W. H. VanAllen, who is beginning to find out how hospitable and heartsome are her new friends in Toronto, was one of the bright women at this tea, and Mrs. Teetzel was also a guest. The sweet, gentle mother of the hostess was heartily greeted, and from 5 to 6 the pretty rooms at Orlin were pleasantly filled but never overcrowded.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter reached Toronto on their bridal journey on Tuesday and Mrs. Grant (nee Hunter) entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening to meet them. Mrs. Hunter was Miss Whyte of Winnipeg, and the marriage took place there on Wednesday, November 25.

Society folk will please keep the evening of January 8 a blank until they receive invitations to the third annual dance of the "Engineers," whose dances have been decidedly the smartest held in Varsity Gym for the past two seasons. Major Lang, who received so graciously, and his smart young engineers are splendid hosts.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Frank J. Phillips gave one of the most beautiful teas of the ante-Noel season, to introduce her third daughter, Miss Florence, who stood at her mother's left hand, looking very bright and pretty in an airy little dress of white point d'esprit, with narrow satin ribbons, and holding a sheaf of large pale pink carnations. The little debutante received the good wishes and compliments of her old and young friends with a frank responsive pleasure that was good to see. Near by was a table heaped with flowers, tall and splendid American Beauties, fragile, slender lilies of the valley, pink aromatic carnations, pink roses and boxes of exquisitely fragrant violets, tribute from her friends to the young girl for whose coming-out the tea was arranged. Everything was unusually charming at this tea—fine music floated from a hidden orchestra upstairs, splendid white mums crowned the tea-table and many another coign of vantage, very handsome gowns and pretty guests lent their charm, seven sweet girls waited in the tea-room, and the eldest resident daughter of the house, looking a picture in a lovely white frock, and the young matron who loves to come back to her girlhood home, and who brought two sweet little baby girls for the women to pet and adore, brides and visitors in Toronto, other debutantes and elder sisters, a dear grandmother, proud of her descendant, all lingered till the limit of time, enjoying the delightful hour. People kept dropping in from Mrs. Alexander's and Mrs. Wilson's teas, and several other engagements, until nearly half-past six.

Mrs. Macleod of Queen's Park gave a very nice luncheon on Thursday for Lady Davies, who is spending a few days with Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn. I believe she returns home to-day.

Mrs. McLeod of 130 St. George street and Mrs. John Gillespie of Avenue road will be hostesses of afternoon receptions next Saturday. Mrs. W. Crowther and Mrs. Schoenberger gave At Homes on Thursday afternoon at their residences. Mrs. Hawke of Carlton street is one of

this afternoon's hostesses. Mrs. J. Kerr Brodie of Elgin avenue is giving a tea next Monday. The "dinner dances" at the Hunt Club have, I understand, been changed from Friday to Saturday, that being a freer evening for their smart patrons, and a lot of people are going out to-night.

The famous Canadian home-puns which the Countess of Minto has made fashionable for skating dress, and which so many of our mondaines chose for mid-winter gowns during the past season, need no commendation from my pen. The ladies of the Art Association received a case of these goods, fresh from the looms, on Tuesday, and are having a sale of them next Monday and Tuesday, from 10.30 to 5 o'clock, in their rooms in the Confederation Life. They come in some sweet shades and blouse lengths are sold as sent from the weavers; also some Doukhobor embroideries for trimmings. A blouse or dress-length of Canadian homespun is a Christmas gift which many will welcome, and girls are giving their particular Santa the straight tip to be early at the ladies' sale and get a nice choice. I saw a lovely cream morning blouse with coarse lace trimming from the Canadian home-spuns last week, and a pale blue one with quaint little bands of embroidery from the settlements in the far North-West is a favorite garment of a sweet, slender blonde I know.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cameron Thompson have returned from their ten months' trip to the coast and California. Mrs. Thompson (nee Holgate) is at present the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. W. J. Hughes, of Simcoe street. Mr. Thompson has left for a six weeks' trip to the Eastern Provinces. On last Saturday Mrs. Hughes gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Willison of Spadina road entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen. The guests were Colonel and Mrs. Buehan, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. MacMahon, Professor Mayor, Judge and Mrs. McCrimmon and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander.

Mr. John Rowand of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting his relatives in St. Patrick street. Mr. and Mrs. George Harcourt of the Sault are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, St. George street. Mrs. and Miss Emery of East Tawas, Mich., are visiting Mrs. Bigwood in Rosedale.

Knox College At Home will take place next Friday, December 11. The usual concert and amusement will be "en train" during the evening.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club concert will take place next Friday evening, December 11, instead of Saturday, as previously arranged.

Mr. Gooderham of Waveney, Miss Violet Gooderham and Dr. and Mrs. Ross have gone to Egypt.

For Old Country Friends.

A pleasant way to remember Old Country friends at Christmas is that suggested by the MacLaren Imperial Cheese Company (Limited), who offer to send to any address in Great Britain or Ireland their famous Imperial Cheese in dozens or half-dozen, all charges prepaid, without any extra cost to the sender, or above the regular price of the cheese as sold in Toronto. The limit of this offer was first placed at December 5, but it is now announced that orders will be received on this basis up to December 10, and the gifts will arrive in time for Christmas Day. Such a gift as this will be greatly appreciated, for it is known that cheese is Canada's most famous product, and MacLaren's Imperial is Canada's most famous cheese. This is the right way to promote imperial trade, and enterprise such as this has as much to do as fiscal legislation with the growth of Canadian industry. An announcement

Colleges Cleaned

BY THE

Dustless Method

We are now booking orders for cleaning Colleges during the Christmas holidays.

Telephone M. 1413 for our representative to call and quote prices.

Carpets, Mattresses, Upholstered Furniture, Walls and Ceiling cleaned.

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Ontario Compressed Air Dustless House Cleaning Co.

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Dunlop "Ideal" Horse-Shoe Pads

cure or prevent lameness—prevent cracking or spreading of the hoofs—make a horse's working life longer.

If you have a horse troubled with lameness through bad hoofs write our expert for advice free.

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Matinee Daily WEEK DEC. 7
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"The Awakening of Toys."

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Musical Artists with Original Novelties.

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With All New Pictures.

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LOUIS SIMON & GRACE GARDNER

Presenting "The New Coachman."

of the offer appears in this issue of "Saturday Night."

A Catalogue De Luxe.

From the Julian Sale Leather Goods Company of King street west comes a catalogue that is a delight to behold, whether one is interested in trunks or in trinkets. Bags big and little, letter-cases, ticket-holders, bill books—a bewildering variety of the best and daintiest things in leather are pictured in this substantial book. Nor are the prices prohibitive to all but the wealthy. "Midi" may have a morocco purse for one dollar, or may lavish twenty-five dollars on a basket trunk that is a yard in length.

Rose Lewis & Son have issued a catalogue of Christmas goods. If you have not received one, a card asking for one will receive prompt attention.



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

CANE'S CLOTHES-PINS

PUT UP IN NEAT CAR-TONS—THE BEST CLOTHES-PINS MADE.

LEMATRE'S CELEBRATED Cold Cream

The most exquisite toilet luxury of the day. Imparts to the skin a delicate whiteness and velvety smoothness. Is

Cooling, Healing and Antiseptic

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142 KING STREET WEST
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236 QUEEN STREET WEST
PRICE, 25c, 35c and 60c.

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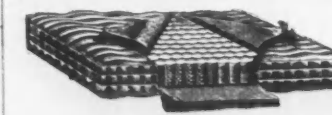
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"The Marshall Ventilated" is the only PERFECTLY (SANITARY) COMFORTABLE (SATISFACTORY) MATTRESS IN THE WORLD
It is a Royal Bed within the reach of every citizen. Send for descriptive circular.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.
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Factories—Toronto, Chicago, and London, England.

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For Children's Parties, Bazaars, etc.
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Tailor made, also evening fancy waists made to fit without lining.

New York and Paris Models copied.

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10 and 20 Per Cent. off on all Orders for Balance of Season.

All Trimmed Millinery At Cost
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are again open for engagements to large and small parties. The floor is perfect. Luncheons first-class only. For terms address

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Or 'Phone Park 905.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Gourlay—Nov. 29, Toronto Junction, Mrs. Richard Gourlay, a daughter.
Ryan—Nov. 29, Toronto, Mrs. John T. Ryan, a son.
Good—Dec. 1, Mrs. C. H. Good, a daughter.
Smale—Nov. 29, Toronto, Mrs. F. J. Smale, a son.
Willis—Dec. 1, Mrs. Alex. W. Willis, a daughter.

Marriages

McClellan—MacAlpine—At Wellington, on Thursday, October 15th, 1903, by Rev. Albert L. Green, William George McClellan, manager of the Metropolitan Bank, and Mabel Caroline Lenore, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John MacAlpine, Lindsay.
McGarry—Laxton—On Saturday, Nov. 28, at the Church of the Holy Family, John F. McGarry to Ethel M. Laxton, Taylor—Scroggie—At St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, on Nov. 25, by Rev. Charles W. Gordon, B.A., assisted by Rev. Professor Hart, D.D., Alexander fourth son of Sir Thomas W. Taylor, to Margaret Temple, only daughter of James Scroggie, Esq., Winnipeg.
Bowley—Evans—Wednesday, Dec. 2, Toronto, Frank Lewis Bowley of Simcoe, Ont., to Maud Drayton, third daughter of the late Rev. W. B. Evans, M.A., rector of Woodhouse, Ont.
Trousseau—Boone—Wednesday, Dec. 2, Toronto, John Walter Trousseau of Buffalo, N.Y., to Ida Jane Boone, only daughter of the late Wm. G. Boone.

Deaths

Whitten—Nov. 28, Toronto, John Whitten, aged 88 years.
Boulton—Nov. 28, Toronto, Emily Boulton, aged 86 years.
Ireland—Nov. 28, Toronto, James Henry Ireland, aged 57 years.
Fraser—Nov. 20, Port Cockburn, Muskoka, Hamilton Fraser, aged 77 years.
Trotter—Dec. 1, Toronto, Mary A. Trotter, aged 46 years.
Butt—Dec. 1, Toronto, Sarah Butt, aged 80 years.

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J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 672, 359 YONGE STREET

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Winter Fair, Guelph

SINGLE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
Good going Dec. 5th to 15th inclusive. Valid returning on or before Dec. 14th, 1903.

Judges and Exhibitors

Return tickets will be issued to Judges and Exhibitors on surrender of certificate signed by Secretary, at Single Fare for Round Trip. Good going December 4th to 15th inclusive. Valid returning on or before December 15th.

1,000 MILE BOOK, \$25.00

When you have a mileage book you are saved the delay in purchasing tickets. On sale at all ticket offices.
For tickets and all information apply to agents.

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By Lv. Toronto. Hamilton. Hamilton. Toronto.
at 50 a.m. at 54 a.m. at 8 00 a.m. at 8 55 a.m.
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at 12 p.m. at 2 10 p.m. at 12 35 p.m. at 1 20 p.m.
at 3 00 p.m. at 3 55 p.m. at 3 10 p.m. at 4 05 p.m.
at 5 20 p.m. at 6 15 p.m. at 5 15 p.m. at 6 10 p.m.
at 7 35 p.m. at 8 10 p.m. at 8 10 p.m. at 9 05 p.m.

Toronto to Buffalo and New York

By Lv. Toronto. at 7 50 a.m. at 8 45 a.m. at 9 30 p.m.
At Buffalo. at 10 55 a.m. at 11 40 p.m. at 12 30 p.m.
At N. York. at 10 00 p.m. at 10 00 p.m. at 10 00 p.m.

The 5.20 p.m. train has through first-class sleeper, Toronto to New York, and Dining Car, Toronto to Buffalo, daily.

a—Daily, except Sunday. b—Daily.

Tickets and further information at Canadian Pacific Ticket Office, 1 King Street East, or Union Station Ticket Office (north ticket).

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, Toronto.



**If you are going to give
a Christmas Present,
let it be useful**

We can suggest nothing more useful than a House Coat or Smoking Jacket. We think we have the best showing of these coats in the city. Bought direct from New York's two best makers—Benjamin & Co. and Joseph Yeska. The prices are very moderate for such handsome coats—6.50, 7.50, 8.50 and up to 15.00, the last mentioned being in Heavy Brocade Silk. It will be hard to find a better collection of up-to-date Neckwear and Neckwraps than we are showing for the Holiday trade.

OAK HALL

Toronto's Best Clothiers
NECK AND SHOULDERS ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS
115 King St. East.

J. COOMBS, Manager.

Letter From the Linkman.

Graphic correspondence from "Truth" concerning social slights to colonials in London.

DEAR LADY BETTY.—The following letter is addressed from "Claridge's Hotel":—

"Sir—America was founded by housemaids out of place and mechanics out of work, Australia by the Convict Fathers, and South Africa by men who had failed and women who had fallen.

"Bear that in mind, and attend to this story:

"Several months ago my wife and I left Australia for England, travelling with a distinguished statesman of the Colony—a cousin of the lady—who was to be present at the coronation.

"We all had rooms at the same hotel in London, where an eminent Canadian representative was also staying, and we four frequently discussed our experiences.

"The two statesmen were continually cheered by the crowds, they were praised in the newspapers, they were invited to all the official and semi-official festivities, and were treated with studied civility by their many hosts and hostesses and by most of the prominent politicians of England.

"At every entertainment they noticed that the intimate friends of their host and hostess were generally American women, American millionaires, and rich South African speculators. The few fashionable men and women of London, together with these, might be described as 'the house party,' whilst the rest, especially the Colonial representatives and guests, were obviously considered to be outside the pale of 'society.'

"My wife and myself received but few invitations. In the newspapers, however, we read continually that certain American women were amongst the chief favorites at court and in 'society'; that others were the most beautiful women of the moment; and that several South African millionaires, with alien names, were amongst the most prominent hosts

of the time.

"It occurred to us that Canada and Australia and other colonies of the British Empire contain many beautiful and intelligent women and rich and able men, and that many of those occasionally visit England, whilst many of them were in London at the moment. We could not conceive why those colonists should be generally ignored by 'society,' whilst Americans and South Africans are received, made much of, and continually advertised in the newspapers, however obscure, or even regrettable, were their past circumstances.

"The question has not been answered yet, and it puzzles thousands of colonists throughout the Empire.

"It may be that the Americans are far better educated than are most of those who are of British birth, that the conditions of life in the colonies and in the United States differ in favor of American women, and that the colonists are not so rich as the American people. But the South Africans are not renowned for their education or manners.

"The ruling class in England—to wit, 'society'—is encouraging Imperialism for purposes of its own; but, whilst it implores the people to secure the affection of the colonists, it lavishes all its favors upon Americans and South Africans, and altogether ignores the Australians, Canadians, and other colonists who visit the Mother Country! It may be added that it, by comparison, almost ignores the women of colonial origin who have married Englishmen of position.

"There are some of us who are convinced that England has become a colony of the United States, and others maintain that she has been bought by South Africa. Can you assure us that neither contention is correct?—Faithfully yours,

The grievance is a real one. A quarter of a century ago the English labelled every American "vulgar"; they have recently removed the label, and instead of it call this one "beautiful," that one "clever," the other "well-dressed," and another "rich"! That the colonists have reason to complain was acknowledged

Amenities.



Mabel—Did he stutter when he proposed?
Ethel—No, I don't think so.
Mabel—Really? He must have improved!—"Punch."

CECILIAN
THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER



If you believed that the Cecilian was a more perfect piano-player than any other, that its rendering of any musical selection was more expressive, more artistic than that of any other, then the Cecilian is the one you would wish to buy, isn't it? We will appreciate an opportunity of presenting the evidence to you.

On exhibition daily at our handsome piano salon.

Ye Olde Firme of
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LIMITED
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several months ago when the Ladies' Empire Club was founded in Grosvenor street, the main object of which is to establish a colonial colony in "society."

Election Ethics.

"Years ago, when I was living in Boston, Colonel Higginson was running for Congress," said Bishop Potter, in a lecture in New York the other day. "On election day I met a negro whom I knew well, and I said to him, 'I suppose you are on your way to vote for Colonel Higginson?' To my surprise, he said he was going to vote for the other man. Now, Colonel Higginson had been the lieutenant-colonel of the negro regiment of which Robert Shaw was colonel, and after Shaw was killed in the charge at Fort Wagner he led the regiment. So I said to Tom that I thought every consideration of chivalry and honor should lead him to support the man who had given the negro race its greatest opportunity in the Civil War. Tom replied, 'I don't see it that way, sah. I think chivalry and honor constrain me to vote for the gentleman what gave me five dollars this morning.'"

A Frozen Subject.

Levy's brother died in Chicago the other day. The undertaker telegraphed to Levy: "What shall I do with the body? I can embalm it for \$50 or freeze it for \$30."

And Levy telegraphed back: "Freeze it from the knees up for \$20; he had his feet frozen last winter."—"Lyre."

The Nervous Depression of England.

Awaking to the fact that the supremacy of England in commerce and manufactures has passed away, the English are having an unusual, but not unwholesome, attack of modesty. They begin

Mantles
Suits

McKENDRY'S, Limited

Millinery
Specialists

J. N. McKENDRY, President.

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**Suitable
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For . . .
Christmas
Gifts**

Beautiful Ostrich Boas—

8.90, 11.90, 17.50

Opera Cloaks—30.00, 37.50, 50.00

FURS

Red Fox, Muff and Ruff 25.00

Mink Stole, 30.00 up to 40.00

Mink Muff up to 23.50

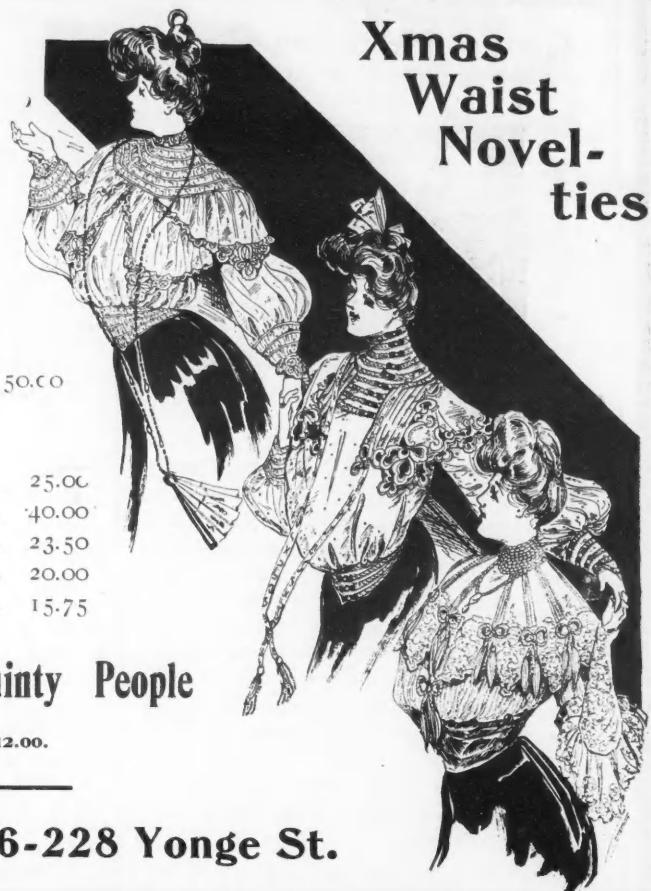
Sable Ruff 20.00

Sable Muff 15.75

Dainty Waists for Dainty People

5.00, 7.50, 10.00, 12.00.

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FURRIERS TO H. M. QUEEN VICTORIA and H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Notwithstanding the fact that season after season finds the hunters and trappers moving farther and farther north, the choicest furs more difficult to get, and that the seal herds are yearly becoming depleted, does not in any way affect our stock as regards quantity and quality. Our orders are placed so far ahead and are so large, comprising as they do the stock for our extensive trade in our Quebec and our Toronto house, that we are enabled to get first choice, and owing to the immense amount we buy at closer figures than those requiring smaller lots, consequently we are enabled to give you greater choice, finer quality and at more reasonable prices than any other fur house on the continent.

See our Immense and Fashionable Stock in Ladies' Fur Garments.

TORONTO and QUEBEC

to distrust themselves, to study the Germans and Americans, to try to find out what is the matter with the inviolate island. Dr. Lockyer turns from reading the stars to lament the dwindling of English brains, which are probably just as good as they ever were, and that is saying a good deal. A party of Englishmen has come to the United States to study the American system of education. Something may be learned from that, especially in technical education,

in which Great Britain is deficient. But the cause of American progress is not there, or, at least, is by no means wholly there. The power of initiative, the free play of individuality, the carelessness of tradition, the quickness and seeming recklessness with which the costliest machinery is discarded for better, the superiority of the skilled labor, somewhat hampered, it is true, by the imperious resolve of the labor unions, which have been so ruinous in England,

to lower the average of performance, the comparative absence of lines of social cleavage, the opportunity open to all—these are the main causes of American success.

Diner—Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 Pommery. Waiter—Yes, sir. Diner—You have brought me some Pommery of last spring and a chicken of 1884.—"Christian Register."



**Hop
Purity**

Carling's Ale gets that light, palatable, appetite-producing flavor, so peculiarly its own, from hops.

But ordinary hops spoil ale—make it sour, dead, and cause biliousness to the consumer.

Hops used in Carling's Ale are grown in Oregon and certain favored localities of Southern Europe, particularly Bavaria—are cultivated, gathered and shipped by experts in the business.

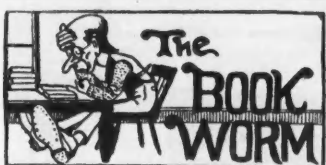
Few other breweries buy hops from these countries—one of the reasons why Carling's Ale is superior to all others.

The same care is used in every operation of Carling's extended system of brewing.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



THE BOOK WORM

THREE commencement addresses of Dr. Henry Van Dyke have been bound up under the title of the first one—"Joy and Power." They are, says the author, three messages with one meaning, viz., the joyfulness and the conquering strength of the life conformed to the Christian ideal. In the first place, Van Dyke's Christianity is not one of renunciation but of fullness, of trial it may be, but of victory. Life is simply worth living for its real rewards, and happiness is one of the keynotes of the Sermon on the Mount, for did not the Teacher ring the changes nine times on "Blessed?" "Like a silver bell sounding from His fair temple on the mountain side?" Of the great problems, how shall we live, the author thinks the golden mean between the life strenuous and the "simple life" should be sought and found. The answer is in the Christian principle of overcoming evil with good. "Tis no use to deny that evil exists, or prate that it is merely a lower good. Away with such sham philosophy. Evil is here, and here for the valiant life to battle with and conquer. Says that very modern comedy of Christian science, which dresses the denial of evil in pastoral garb of white frock and pink ribbons, like an innocent shepherdess among her lambs—"Shut your eyes and evil will vanish." Yes, says Van Dyke, open them and you will see it in the same place, in the same form, doing the same work. As to good and evil our choice must be our great choice of life, for our attitude determines our personality. We have a religion which does not bandage the eyes, the religion of Jesus is virile and honest. And as for faith, give us the kind that dares us to try to live by it. Such is his "Battle of Life." In the concluding address, the "Good Old Way," we have the subject of choice dealt with, as in the others, in a manly style challenging admiration by its honesty and cheerfulness, and phrased with the literary style which always marks the product of this New York preacher's pen. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75c. in cloth; large type and rubricated headings and initials.)

"The Country Boy," by Forrest Crissey (published by the Fleming H. Revell Company), is a portrayal of rural scenes whose faithfulness will be recognized by all who have been fortunate enough to know the delights of the "Sugar Bush" and "Day Dreams Under the Butter-nuts." Young Harlow is more gentle and sensitive than the average boy, but he is a manly little fellow for all that, and is not too good for everyday life. He is at his best when he is punching the red head of the boy from Cincinnati, who is about as disagreeable a specimen of the bumptious child as one can imagine. Harlow is too much given to introspection and theology, but he is a very human boy, in spite of his misgivings concerning the ways of providence. The freshness of country air, the fragrance of spring woods, the healthy toil and freedom of rural life are to be found in the pages of this eminently attractive book.

Mr. W. A. Fraser's new book, "The Blood Lilies" (William Briggs, Toronto), is a bright, wholesome bit of literature. In these days, when the rattling of swords and brandishing of pistols furnish so much wild excitement within the covers of so many novels, it is a treat to find a story such as the one in question. Like Jack London's "Call of the Wild" and Ridgwell Cullum's "Story of the Foss River Ranch," it deals with the golden West. The treatment of the unconventional Indian, the trail of the prairie dog, and the varying phases of wild Western life, call for a certain amount of dashing originality to make it interesting, and Mr. Fraser's latest offering is decidedly entertaining and distinctly refreshing.

Following is the dedication of Maud Ballington Booth's new book, "After Prison—What?" (Fleming H. Revell Company): "Lovingly dedicated to our boys in prison by their Little Mother, who believes in them, and looks with confidence to a bright, victorious future, when they shall have lived down the old, sad record, stormed the walls of prejudice, wrested just recognition from the skeptical, and answered convincingly the question 'Can a convict be reformed?'" The foregoing gives an idea of the attitude assumed by Mrs. Booth, and her book is a strong, heart-touching appeal for those behind prison bars who cannot voice their own hopes and fears to their more fortunate brothers of the outside world.

"The Pensionnaires," by Albert R. Carman, is an utterly faithful reproduction of the life of the "pension" in three European cities—Lucerne, Dresden and Paris. The book, in both reflection and repartee, is a quaintly clever, without the effort at smartness that so many modern scribblers find it necessary to put forth. The heroine, Jessica, is the marvelous "American," of whom we are decidedly weary. Let us have a heroine from another land—let her be Hungarian, Slav or Turk—but deliver us from New York, Chicago and New England. Jessica's charms, however, are not financial, but vocal. She has a voice of the prima donna order, but she fails to put her heart in it until a queer German, who talks cloudy philosophy, opens her eyes to the higher things of life. The hero is the familiar type—English and undemonstrative, with a way of doing heroic things and saying stupid ones. The best thing in the book is the "pension" life, in which the reader will feel absolutely at home. The attempt at the rescue of Jessica from the hypnotic German is an absurd undertaking most laughably described.

"Laura's Legacy," by E. H. Strain, has a title that harks back to Mary Jane Holmes, but the story is an advance on the tales that Mary Jane furnished to the youthful fancy. The story centers about an infant, who, according to the time-established custom, was placed in a family to which she did not belong, and was brought up in ignorance of her real parents. The book is easily read, and more easily forgotten. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

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Concerning Co-Education.

Twenty-three women deans of the leading co-educational universities of the West, who met in conference at Evanston, Ill., on November 4th, are reported to have agreed that co-education as worked out at present in many colleges is a menace to the American home. The trouble, as these ladies found it, seems to be that the girl students, living in big dormitories, get too much accustomed to an independent bachelor life. One dean said: "Every young woman student in an educational institution ought to have a mother there as well as one at home." That seems like very good sense. Mothers are imperfect creatures, but it is a mighty poor mother that is not better for a growing girl than none. A first-rate boarding school is often a better place for a girl than her own home. The system of such a school makes possible some details of training that are hard to achieve at home. But no boarding school is first-rate which does not provide successfully for mothering its girls. It was in this important department of mothering that the women deans seemed to consider some of the co-educational institutions defective. The remedy they suggested was to do away with big dormitories and house the girls in cottages. To do

that would be to borrow one of the good points of the good boarding schools and to create something like home life for the girl students. Home life is primarily what girl students should be fitted for. For girls who intend to live in bachelor apartments, or even in boarding-houses, an experience of independent dormitory life may be valuable, but for girls who expect to make homes and live in them it isn't—"Life."

King Edward's Appreciation of Canadian Literature.

The Rev. Joseph Hamilton has received the following communication in reference to "Our Own and Other Worlds": "Buckingham Palace. 'The private secretary is commanded by the King to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Joseph Hamilton's letter of the 30th ult., with the copy of his book, 'Our Own and Other Worlds,' and to thank him for the same.' 12th Nov., 1903.

Superstitious Brides.

There will be proof of the survival of two old-time superstitions at the marriage of Miss Harvey to Sir Patrick Playfair.

CUTLERY and TABLE GOODS

For the Christmas season Cutlery is one of the most useful and appropriate Gifts. We are showing some new goods in CARVING SETS, DESSERT SETS, Fish Eaters, Cheese Scoops, Dinner Knives and Forks, Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons, Etc.

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Tea Spoons... \$ 6.50 a doz.
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Berry Spoon... 4.50 each
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Jelly Spoon... 2.25 "
Tomato Server... 3.40 "
Meat Fork... 3.75 "
Sugar Tong... 1.50 "
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Oyster Forks... 12.75 a doz.
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Cream Ladle... 1.50 each

Goods packed neatly in silk lined cardboard box.

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Dessert Spoons and Forks... 6.50 "
Table Spoons and Forks... 7.25 "
Berry Spoons... 1.50 each
Orange Spoons... 4.50 a doz.
Coffee Spoons... 4.00 "
Oyster Forks... 5.00 "
Pie Server... 2.25 each
Cheese Scoop... 2.00 "
Sugar Sifter... .75 "
Cream Ladle... .90 "
Gravy Ladle... 1.15 "
Salad Spoon and Fork... 4.10 a pair
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TORONTO

One of the bridesmaids, following a West Country custom, will, says the "Onlooker," wear green stockings "for luck," while the old rhyme.

"Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue,"

will also be remembered, the last-named necessity being arranged for by the choosing of blue hats and feathers for the six bridesmaids.

"Brides are just as superstitious as ever they were," said the clerk of one of London's most fashionable churches yesterday. "There may not be so many superstitions as there used to be, but what few are left are as much considered as ever."

"They will not change the day, for instance, if they can help it. They will do anything rather than postpone the ceremony."

"Then they will not marry on a Friday. That is supposed to be very unlucky. So is the 13th of the month."

"I remember one lady of title who arranged to be married on a Friday, which was the 10th of the month. Then someone told her how awful the consequences would be, so she said, 'Well, have it arranged for the Monday after.' That was the 13th, so they made her change it again. Whether it was because she changed the day or not I do not know, but she figured in a divorce case not many years after."

"Many people who are married here insist on white heather being used in the decorations. That is supposed to bring luck. It has to be specially bleached, of course."—"Daily Mail."

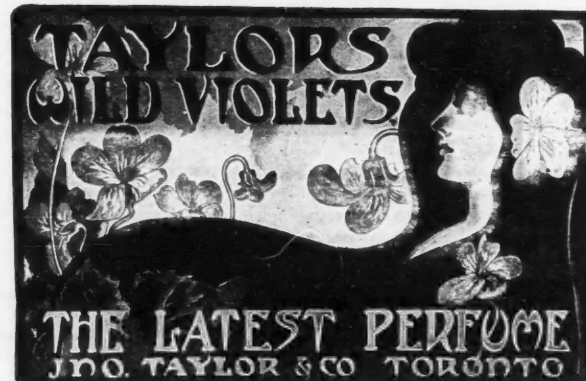
Theatres De Luxe.

The theater of to-day, like the hotel of to-day, is a sumptuous affair, costing hundreds of thousands and enlisting the services of prominent artists as well as architects. People are as fond of the play as ever, but they like to sit in playhouses which are elaborately decorated as well as "absolutely fireproof." Nowhere is this better illustrated than in New York during the present season. Neither London, Paris, Berlin, nor Vienna can boast theaters to compare with the New Amsterdam, the Hudson, the Lyceum, the Lyric, or the New Empire, not to mention the Majestic, opened only last year. The modern auditorium must be constructed on the cantilever principle, with no pillars to obstruct the view, and the decorations from foyer to curtain must be not only rich but in perfect taste. Whether in the Art Nouveau, Byzantine or Greco-Roman styles the patrons do not care so long as the effect is sufficiently regal and inspiring. The mummy has left his canvas-covered cart and his crude platform and is now handsomely housed, and the great public of our larger cities watches play and players in places which are marvels of scientific ingenuity and artistic resourcefulness.

How Tolstoy Caught the Lady.

"Leslie's Weekly" relates this amusing incident which occurred during Tolstoy's recent visit to the Crimea:

A rich American arrived in his yacht, accompanied by a party of friends, and asked permission to see the great Russian, who was ill, promising that they would be content with a glimpse, and would not trouble him with talk. Leave was granted. Tolstoy sat upon his balcony, and the whole party of Americans slowly and silently walked before him. One lady, however, refused to be bound by the contract. She stood still for a minute and shouted, "Leo Tolstoy, all your noble writings have had a profound influence on my life, but the one which taught me the most is your—" Here she forgot the name of the work. The sick author leaned over the rail of the balcony and whispered, with a smile, "The Dead Souls?" "Yes, yes," she replied.



Steam Room Effectiveness

The greatest effectiveness of a Turkish Bath is secured in the Steam Room. Not one steam room in fifty is constructed to diffuse the heat and steam evenly, and almost none give an adequate supply of oxygen with the steam. "Without oxygen, the bather must leave the room before receiving its full benefit. Cook's Steam Room is unique in its oxygen supply. No other steam room in America is so well constructed for the supply of oxygen, and very few distribute the steam so uniformly. That's one reason why Cook's Turkish Baths have an international reputation for effectiveness, comfort and coziness. Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00. A dainty Bill of Fare at all hours.

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plied. "That book," said Tolstoy, "was written by Gogol, not by me."



A Scotch High Ball—"Life."

My Heart.

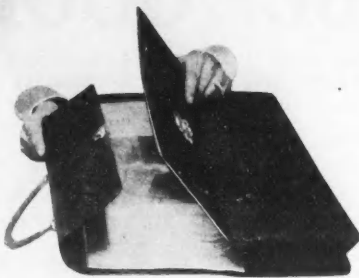
There is a little garden spot I call my heart. High-hedged it lies from vulgar gaze, and neatly kept; the sunshine lies athwart the grass and gay and pretty flowers dance therein. No weeds deface, but tall the lilies raise their waxen cups and sweet blush.



roses hide behind the lattice of their own green leaves. Not any wild and rank luxuriance of bloom is here, but all is set and fair, with little paths and close-clipped alleys, and so, with pride, I beckon you to look and walk within and breathe the fine and wholesome fragrance of the place—But, ah! What have you done? Your foot has overturned a stone, and out there come a horde of horrid creeping things, a swarm of slimy writhing things, of hideous crawling things, that never before have seen the light of day, but lay beneath the large flat rock that rested in the sunshine, within the little garden spot I call my heart—"Lippincott's Magazine."

A Run-Away.

Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who yoked himself to a yearling calf, to show it a thing or two? The calf started off soberly, but presently began running at top speed, and when they passed some of his neighbors the man had scarcely breath enough to yell: "Ketch us—darn our fool souls—we're running away."

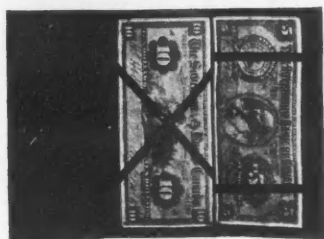
**Music Holders**

The kind that will fold for sheet music or open full for books.

Prices, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50
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Plain Leather, \$1.50
Seal Grain, 2.00
Morocco, 3.00
Real Seal, 4.00

**Bill Books**

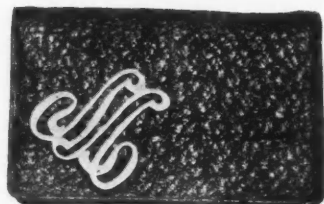
With folding center.

Prices, 50c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00,
\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00.
Other styles 50c. to \$3.00.

**Brief Bags**

in the best quality of black natural grain leather. Extra fine frames all 18 inches long. Three different sizes.

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**Purses and Card Cases**

All the newest leathers, colorings and ideas.

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Novelties in Leather

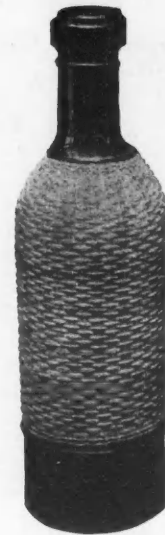
Eye-Glass Cleaners, with sterling mount, \$0.25
Pen-Wipers, with sterling mount, .50
Ticket-Holders, 10c. to .50
Telephone Registers, 50c. and 1.00
Stamp Cases, 25c. to .50
Safety Pockets, 25c. to 1.00
Playing Card Cases, 50c. to 1.50

**Real Sea Lion Club Bags**

For a quiet, rich appearance the coarse grain, dull black English Sea Lion has never been equaled in any leather, and has almost entirely superseded alligator.

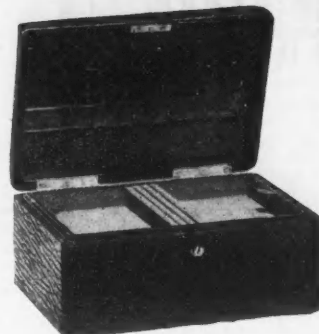
No. 970 is a very light bag for ladies' use. Size 16 inch. Price, \$10.00
No. 969—A deeper bag than No. 970. Size 16 inch. Price, 12.00
No. 971—Same as illustration. 16 inch, \$15.00; 18 inch, 20.00
No. 972—Gentlemen's Club Bag, same style as our famous No. 999.
Double handle bag. 18 inch, \$20.00; 20 inch, 25.00
No. 716—Sea Lion Suit Case. 24 inches, 28.00

Anyone interested in Sea Lion Bags can have a sample of this leather mailed to them without charge.

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Best assorted stock in Canada. Leather covered from 1/8 pint to 2 pints. All qualities.

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Wicker covered, 1/2 pint to 2 pints.
75c. to \$1.50

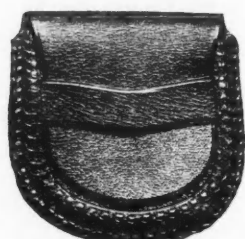
**Jewel Cases**

Something that every lady needs for all the small articles of jewelry.

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Black Goat Skin, \$1.25
Real Morocco, 1.50
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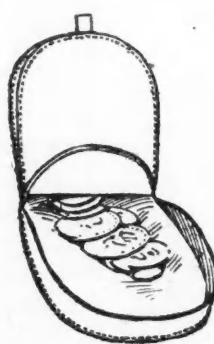
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English Coin Purses
Four sizes, in Morocco and Pigskin.
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Three sizes—\$1.25, \$2, \$3.

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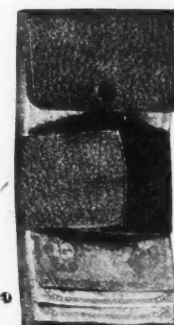
**Tray Purses**

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Four sizes.

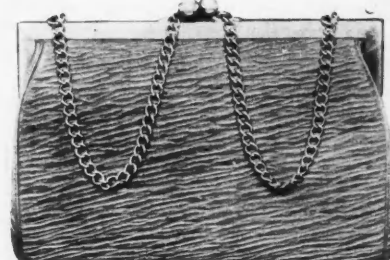
45c., 50c., 65c., 75c.

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The very latest in colors and design.
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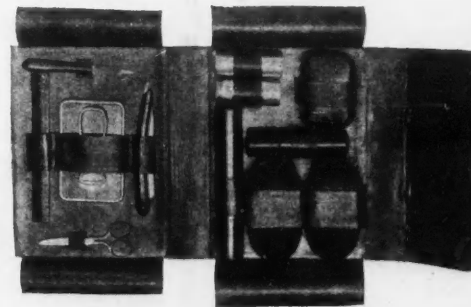
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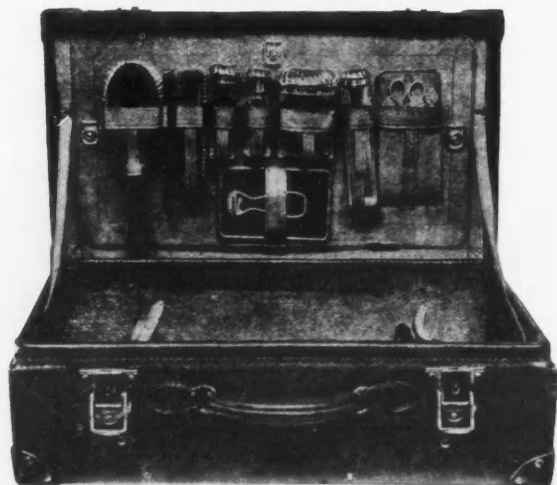
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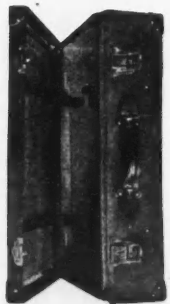
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In all colors of specially selected leather. Contains, on detachable stand, one pair best ebony hair brushes, one only best ebony cloth brush, four cut glass bottles, one mirror, one comb, one shaving brush, one shaving soap box. 24 inches long.

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